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The BYSTANDER

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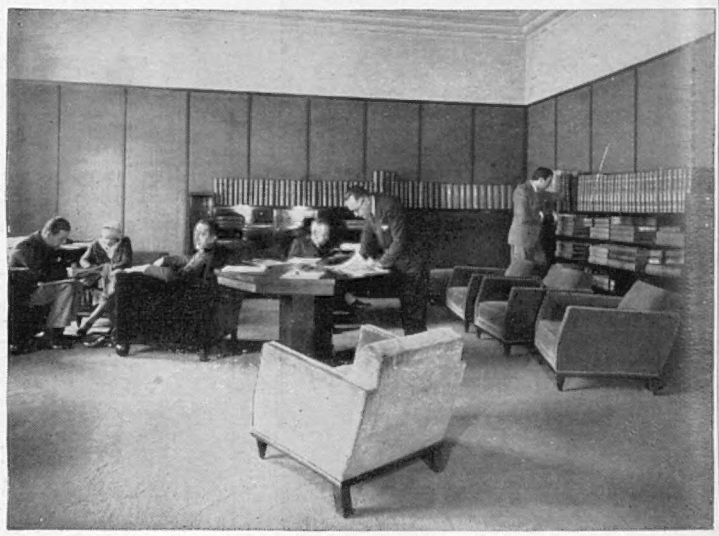

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The Bystander, October 25, 1933 No. 1558. Vol. CXX

The BYSTANDER

Kenneth N. Collins

"THE DARK LADY"

A new portrait of Margaret Rawlings, who is playing the part of Mary Fitton, opposite Leslie Howard's William Shakespeare, in "This Side Idolatry." Talbot Jennings' Shakespearean play started its run at the Lyric last week. Margaret Rawlings' companion in the photograph is her dachshund puppy, Achtung, so named, we understand, because she is a "caution"

• WHAT'S • ADO • ABOUT • TOWN

"The Bystander's" Potted Social Diary of the Week

As I forecast so correctly last week, Lady Dalrymple-Champneys has joined Captain Sir Weldon Dalrymple-Champneys at 3, Bryanston Square. Can we now assume that the Little Season is properly in its stride? Yet there is one point which is causing me intense unrest. It is the disquieting news that Lady Charnwood is no longer able to be at home to her friends on Sunday afternoons at 108, Eaton Square. For her son and his wife, the Hon. John and Mrs. Benson will now reside there.

Round the Shows

For those who enjoy Shows, there were an abundance last week. Lord Brecknock and Lord Portarlington were bulwarks of the **Motor Show**, which attracted not so much Society visitors as those who really contribute towards the country's industrial welfare.

Similarly, at the **Dairy Show**, at Islington, the proportion of Mrs. Farmer Giles' was far greater than that of the Lady Bridget Pouletts and Miss Primrose Salts. Though I saw the latter at Miss Peggy Gordon Moore's cocktail-party, where she sat on a sofa nursing a Pekinese, with her legs crossed and wearing a very short skirt. Does she take a lot of walking exercise?

Judging by the ankles of the strapping young women who marched their charges round the ring in the **Alsatian Show**, at Tattersall's, walking exercise must increase the muscles of the leg very considerably. Thought Alsatians had gone out of fashion since the demise of Rin-Tin-Tin.

A **dress show** for male spectators was held at Stella Mary Pearce's, in Park Street. The dresses were far beyond the mentality of the mere male—but the mannequins were not: Oriel Ross was much admired.

Scottish Sensation

Great excitement caused in Scottish dovecots by reported appearances of the **monster** in Loch Ness. Understand parties of young Mayfairers preparing to camp on shores of the Loch, to annoy the "beastie." I should think the poor wretch has enough troubles of its own in the bottomless Loch Ness, without having these additional worries.

Engagements

All Captain "Tolly" Wingfield's many friends will rejoice with him in the engagement of his daughter **Molly**, to **Mr. Alister Maynard.**

And **Mr. Maurice Allom** is to marry **Miss Pamela Norris**, a real cricketing romance. Maurice, who wrote a book with another Maurice—Turnbull—plays for Surrey. His future father-in-law, Mr. Tom Norris, is a famous cricketer, and in the wine trade: his daughter Pamela is a brilliant musician.

Mr. Thomas Talbot is to marry **the Hon. Cynthia Guest**: she, like her great friend, Lady Georgiana Curzon, is a prolific letter-writer, and adopts a correctional attitude when corresponding with errant swains. Similarly, Lady Georgiana will deliver an epistolary lecture, when her displeasure is invoked.

Weddings

At St. Margaret's, Westminster, **Mr. Peter Wiggin** married **Miss Margaret Livingstone-Learmonth**, who, for the past two seasons, has been a stand-by at all charity balls. Seem rarely to have seen one of these prospectuses without her name heading the "young people's committee." And, by the way, where are our future "Whighams et cie"? There are none following in their footsteps—this year's crop of débutantes were voted a "dull lot, on the whole" by their elder sisters.

At Brompton Oratory **Miss Margaret MacRae** became **Mrs. Richard Whatton.** Much admired two of the grown-up bridesmaids, Miss Claudia Crichton-Stuart and Miss "Ti" MacRae; also the former's sister, Lady Tiverton. Much heavy Scottish nobility present, as the bride's parents' home is at Feoirlinn, Colintraive, Argyll.

Mayfair and the stage congregated in large numbers at St. Anne's, Soho, and in much larger numbers at Sunderland House, after the wedding of **Eileen Idare** and **Mr. Harold Mosenthal.** "An alliance of fox-furs and diamonds," murmured a guest. She is the famous dress-designer whose creations are not usually un-showy, and he is a member of the Diamond Syndicate.

Late Night Life

The opening of **D.A.M.'s Club** on the site of the defunct Bat, in Albemarle Street, brought together six hundred Mayfairers. Why? Because they were all the guests, on the opening night, of Mr. David Tennant, Captain Arthur Eliot, and Mr. Michael Lafone, who have organised this new venture. D.A.M.'s is not a club; one can go there dressed or undressed (that refers to evening clothes): at present Endor and Farrell, with Hermione Baddeley, are doing the cabaret. There are certainly one or two novelties in the cocktail-bar—you can drink an "Old Borstalian" some "Shampagne," or an "N.B.G." (no brandy or gin).

On Friday night there was a **Mystery Party** held at 65, Mount Street, Park Lane. All anonymously invited—on the lines of the big party given last year by Miss Sonia Converse and Mimi Provatoroff. Lord Beaverbrook attended that one.

Lady Ravensdale, Baroness von Nostitz-Wallwitz, and Lady Lavery having tea at the Anglo-German Club, after Baroness von Nostitz-Wallwitz had lectured on President von Hindenburg; she is a niece of the President

Mrs. Alastair Campbell, Mrs. Douglas Foster, and the Countess de Pret-Roose leaving the reception in Hill Street after the Wiggin-Livingstone-Learmonth wedding. It was held at Mrs. Cunninghame of Craigend's house

Sir Humphrey and arriving somewhere the more fashion- probably round

Mr. Peter Wiggin, 11th Hussars, Brig.-Gen. E. A. Wiggin's son, and Miss Margaret Livingstone-Learmonth, Capt. and Mrs. Livingstone-Learmonth's daughter, were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Mr. C. H. R. Heber-Percy, Welsh Guards, and Miss Anne Garland, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Garland, had an all-military wedding at the Guards' Chapel, at Wellington Barracks

Mr. Raymond Clifford-Turner, Mr. and Mrs. H. Clifford-Turner's son, and Miss Zoë Vachell, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vachell, coming away from St. Margaret's, Westminster, after their wedding

Mr. R. A. H. Whatton, the eldest son of Mrs. Hugh de H. Whatton, and Miss Margaret MacRae, Major Colin and Lady Margaret MacRae's younger daughter, after their wedding at the Brompton Oratory last week

"Les Girls" have been invited to visit India. A friend murmured to me in Quaglino's, as he pointed to one of them: "A black Prince bought a dizzy blonde Cartier's best to-day!" In the meantime, they continue to stir many and varied emotions with their dancing at the Dorchester.

Golf

As usual, we congratulate **Miss Joyce Wethered** on her success in the Mixed Foursomes at Worplesdon. Brother Roger played with his usual partner, Mme. Lacoste, better remembered as Mlle. Simone de la Chaume. This competition is looked upon as a fine outing for all concerned. Miss Wethered carried Bernard Darwin to victory; he seemed to enjoy every step of the journey.

Lady de Trafford or other in one of able parts of London, about lunch-time

Lady Anne Rhys and Miss Peggy Gordon-Moore had just left Miss Margaret Livingstone-Learmonth's wedding reception

Theatrical and Musical

The **Philharmonic Society's Concert** last week was not so full as the last one; probably because Sir Thomas Beecham was not conducting. This always has a direct influence upon "the Faithful." However, Albert Coates, steeped in musical Russia, gave a fine performance of Tchaikovsky's 4th Symphony, and Giesiking's piano-playing alone should have filled many of the empty seats. Sir Denison and Lady Ross, Lord Ivor Churchill, Lady Evelyn Malcolm, and Lady Jersey filled some, however.

The theatres have been very busy. We had a nice musical comedy at the **Saville Theatre,** which has the biggest bar of any theatre in London. Luckily, the plays there are usually good, so the bar does not get over-patronised. Jeanne Aubert is a charming heroine, wears her clothes beautifully, and has that nice, broken English accent which will always get the sympathy of an audience. Dennis King wears the best coat I have ever seen; at least sixteen beavers must have been used for the collar.

At the **Duke of York's** Hayden Coffin, as the narrator, told us all about Schiller's play, *Kabali und Liebe,* for it was acted in German, and by a band of Jewish actors.

The Wind and the Rain at the **St. Martin's** is seasonably named. Celia Johnson would always lure me to come indoors out of both; she has that appealing look, like a misunderstood spaniel. MacKenzie Ward gives the best performance possible of a vacuous yet likeable young man.

First-nighters continued their week at the **Lyric Theatre** on Thursday. Saw in the audience Lady Portarlington, Lord Hambleden, Noel Coward, and Somerset Maugham. The latter attends every first night; when he is not at the theatre in the evenings he is playing bridge, or earning five shillings a word, which is the rate that he is paid for his short stories.

Futures

At the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, a Grand Ball and Cabaret in aid of the Infants' Hospital, Westminster, will be held on Thursday, November 2nd.

Golf: Branksome Challenge Cup at Bournemouth. Huge entry. Cabaret in evening at Branksome Towers Hotel as wind-up.

This Week

Wednesday. The Cambridgeshire, oddly enough, run at Newmarket.

Saturday. The Brewers' Exhibition opens at the Royal Agricultural Hall.

MR. PEEPS

Lady Victoria Scott, Mr. Andrew Scott's wife and Lord Haig's sister, and Mrs. Murphy, both neatly coat-and-skirted and inevitably béret-ed, out shopping together

• PERSONALITIES

By "Peter Pepper"

• **SIR OSWALD MOSLEY,** who was stoned in Manchester, with his London contingent of Fascists, is a brave man. He has stood up to some rough fights at electioneering times, and he has also braved much adverse criticism. He is good-looking in a slightly sardonic manner, with dark, piercing, alive eyes, black hair, and an aquiline nose. He is a brilliant orator and compels interest however much one may disagree with him. He likes amusement and gaiety, but has also an immense capacity for work. He is ambitious and never knows when he is beaten. He has an extraordinarily quick brain, and uses his hands to express himself. He has hope, self-confidence, children to whom he is devoted, and headquarters in the King's Road, Chelsea.

• **HON. EILEEN BROUGHAM,** who has visited fourteen countries in six weeks, has the smallest and neatest feet in Society. She is attractive in a young, laughing way, with a heavy chin and very bright eyes. She is appreciative, good-mannered, and has a quick sense of humour. She enjoys everything and everybody, and has no enemies. She dances beautifully and is good at games. She has a charming laugh and a pretty, eager voice, and at times tumbles over her words, she is so keen to express her thoughts. She has the tallest peer for a brother, a liking for subdued colours where clothes are concerned, a very low, square forehead, and lots of friends.

• **HON. MRS. ROLAND CUBITT** was a godparent with the King to Brig.-General George Paynter's infant son. She is a brilliantly attractive woman, and as Sonia Keppel, was the best-known girl in London society. She is witty, and endows every word she speaks with a gay glamour. Her first novel was well written, but her real interest lies within her own alive personality. She has three children, is a devoted, intelligent mother, and a good housewife. She is artistic and is always a little attracted to something new and sensational, but her wisdom is a safeguard. She carries her head high and proudly, walks beautifully, is quite unaffected, and is intensely alive. She has a dark, attractive husband who likes hunting and polo, a large house in Hyde Park Gardens, a busy social life, and lovely hair.

• **BINNIE HALE,** who is in *Give Me a Ring*, at the Hippodrome, is the most devoted mother on the stage. Every moment she can spare from her work is spent in the nursery with her small daughter. She even refuses social engagements if they interfere with "Paddy's" bed-time romp. Binnie is not pretty, but very attractive. She has a husky, exciting voice and a gay spirit. She is a kind person, especially to those who work with her, but she is sensible over money and has always saved. She has not one iota of snobbery in her; she is ambitious, but only as regards her work. She is determined and very businesslike about everything she undertakes; she has a good-looking husband, beautiful legs, platinum blonde hair (at present), a great resemblance to her clever father, an enormous public, and, oh! a sense of real humour.

"Command Performance"

The Saville First Night

(1) Sir Henry and Lady Curtis Bennett arriving at the theatre to see the first night of the new musical show. (2) Mr. Holland Martin and Lady Grant, Sir Hamilton Grant's wife, were in the stalls. (3) Sir Landon and Lady Ronald also remained in their seats during the interval. (4) Miss Berry Sundmark, Sir Anthony Weldon, and the Hon. Donough and Mrs. O'Brien waiting for the curtain to go up

Photographs by Swaebe

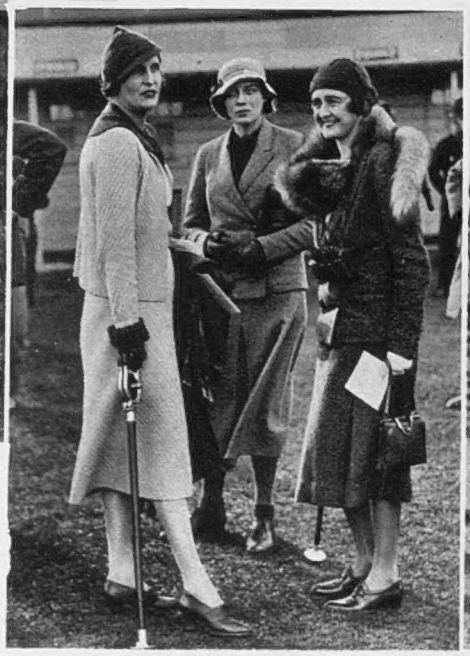
(5) Bobby Howes was in a box with Mrs. Bobby Howes on the first night at the Saville, the theatre where he has given so many people a good laugh. (6) More arrivals at "Command Performance": Mr. and Mrs. Monty Banks, and (7) Lady Craig and Lady Milne

A Racing Reverie:

By "Regular"

What Gordon Richards Thinks

Miss Fuller and Lady Sybil Phipps were two of the Wiltshire contingent at Wincanton races, that cheerful West Country meeting-place, where everyone sees all their friends



Lady Nunburnholme talking to Miss Fane and Lady Digby, another West Country trio at the steeplechase meeting at Wincanton

Mr. and Mrs. E. Cardie walking back from the paddock, in the brilliant sunshine which set off Somerset at its October best

NOT to be outdone by my fellow knights of the pen, I have been making a few enquiries on my own concerning Gordon Richards, and you will be thrilled to learn that, having interviewed all the other leading jockeys, I have discovered that they are unanimous in their opinion that Gordon is the *second*-best jockey.

FOR the benefit of those who wish to go further into the matter, I may add that, when pressed as to who they considered was the *best* jockey, their answers differed in every case.

I WAS wondering who I would interview next on the subject of Gordon when a real, live Duke, who was standing near, proclaimed in a little, piping voice, "that, of course, Richards won so many races as they always gave him the best rides."

I MUST admit that the said Duke was not addressing me, but his views were proclaimed for all the world to hear, s'welp me God if I 'm telling a lie!

CAN you imagine the pretty little scenes which must go on in the weighing-room? I don't know who "they" are, but I can only imagine they must be the Stewards of the Jockey Club. I can picture them going up to Joe Childs, when he 's all dressed up to ride Limelight, and saying: "Now, Joe, not to-day; Limelight 's much too good a horse for you to ride—take off that pretty purple jacket and give it to Gordon."

YES, and old Joe taking it off as good as gold and not saying a word.

A NOT-SO-BEAUTIFUL lady is firmly of the opinion that Gordon frightens the poor horses so much that they don't know what they 're doing, and run for their lives.

I HAVE not discovered how Master Gordon is supposed to set about this terrorisation of the thoroughbred; but perhaps he points out the figure of a brother light-weight jockey or a well-known local Steward, either of whose appearance would be sufficient to make me want to run in the opposite direction.

SOME say it 's "all arranged"; others say it 's "all luck"; while yet others say he hits them so hard they 've got to run. The great majority, however, are sufficiently good judges of racing to take his success on its face value, and to acclaim him as the greatest jockey we have ever seen.

GORDON may not be strictly orthodox; but neither was Sloan. Sloan's unorthodox methods were an improvement on the orthodox methods of the time—so are Gordon's. No two horses are quite alike, and Gordon suits himself to all of them. When orthodox methods may suit one horse, unorthodox methods would suit another one.

I DO not think for a moment that Gordon thinks it all out like that, but rather that it comes naturally to him. Gordon the jockey is a genius, and things come naturally to a genius.

BEFORE we leave the subject, get it out of your head that Gordon hits horses harder than anybody else. True, that whip of his seems to be going more freely than anyone else's, but during ninety per cent. of the time it is only being waved, and never touches the horse.

I AM not saying that he does not hit his mounts. Of course he does; but I *do* say that it is but very seldom that I have seen him "mark" one, and I have seen him unsaddle a very large proportion of his 230 winners.

AND now for a few words on Gordon the man. Gordon has a grouse, and I heartily sympathise with him. One of Gordon's mottoes in life is "You mind your business, and I 'll mind mine." Gordon is keeping his part of the bargain, but the public never stops prying into his affairs.

GORDON doesn't give a damn—

What time you get up or what time you go to bed.
Whether you 're fond of your wife or whether you can't stand the sight of her.
Whether you have two children or twenty.
Whether you like your job or hate it, how much you earn, and whether you 've paid your Income Tax.
Whether you go to church three times a day or are an agnostic.
For Lady Oxford and Asquith knowing Fred Archer.
Etc., etc., etc.

GORDON is very appreciative of the interest the public displays in his riding, and is often touched by the many tokens of good will displayed by his hero-worshippers. Gordon is the most popular man in England, and he, in return, has a very warm regard for the public he serves so loyally.

AT the same time, he does wish that the public, led by the more sensational daily and Sunday papers, would leave his private life alone; and especially does he object to the continual estimates (estimates built entirely on conjecture) of his yearly income.

I CANNOT imagine a greater impertinence than these wild guesses concerning Gordon's income. A man's income only concerns three people—himself, his employers, and the Income Tax man, and if the Income Tax man reads the tripe published in the more sensational papers, Gordon will never have a moment's peace.

THERE has never been a better example of honesty being the best policy than Gordon Richards, and although he would stand no damn nonsense from anybody, I honestly do not believe he has an enemy in the world.

Nice Goings On

Evening-Dress Events In and Out of London

Left: Lady Catherine Willoughby, back from Scotland, talking to Mr. David Brooks, while Mr. and Mrs. John Mason face up to the flash-light. Mrs. Mason was still Miss Diana Coventry this time last year

Two and Two at the Café de Paris

Billiards replaces bathing in road-house life now that summer 's gone: Mr. Felix Harbord, Miss "Tye" Macrae, and Mr. G. Lindsay watch Lady Violet Pakenham playing a shot at the Orchard, Ruislip

Mr. J. O. Twist recovers his "pickpocketed" property from Giovanni ("No Funny Business"), while Mr. Laurence Evans, Mrs. Haworth Booth and Captain Clive Bennett look on. This was at the Café de la Paix, which was opened last week in Regent Street, where Veerasawmy's Indian restaurant used to be. Incidentally, a guide to London's night haunts, new and old, will be found in our Restaurant Supplement on pp. 193-6

At the top are the Hon. Hamish St. Clair Erskine and his stepmother-in-law-by-marriage, Lady Dunn, just going to dance; below them are Miss Diana Caldwell and the Hon. John Walrond having supper at the Café de Paris, and, immediately above, a close-up of Mrs. J. Moore dancing with Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg

Photographs by Swaebe

Taking their Exercise

With Horses, Dogs, Guns and Golf Balls

Above: Captain Charles Waterhouse, M.P., Lady Hartington, and Lady Maud Baillie, M.F.H., at the opening meet of the High Peak Harriers, at Flagg, in Derbyshire

Above: at the last meet of the 9th Lancers' Beagles in Scotland before they go to Tidworth, held at Philipstoun House: Mr. R. S. G. Perry, the Master, and Sir Stewart and Lady Stewart-Clark, the host and hostess

Right: Miss M. Peech and her brother, Mr. A. J. Peech, playing in the Worplesdon Mixed Foursomes; they were beaten in the fifth round

Left: Lord Charles Hope and his sister, Lady Mary Hope, watching the Mixed Foursomes at Worplesdon

Below: Lady Leyland watching her small son, Michael, helping to load Admiral Rowley-Conroy's gun, at the Flat-coated Retriever Association's field trials at Nantclwyd Hall, North Wales

Below: Captain Grant, Mrs. Howard-Evans, and Miss B. Howard-Evans at Milton Park, near Peterborough, for the Midland Counties' Spaniel Trials

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 21

Gertrude Lawrence

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

MISS LAWRENCE—let 's face it—is the ideal of almost every woman or girl who goes to the Ritz for luncheon. She has the Ritziest clothes, the Ritziest jewellery, and the Ritziest friends. She has a tip-tilted nose, a divine voice, a delightful fifteen-year-old daughter named Pamela Howley, and a flat in Portland Place. When I asked another leading lady about her, she said : " Gertie used to sing flat and over-act abominably. Nowadays, she is a perfect darling ! "

A year older than myself, Gertrude Lawrence went to the Convent of the Sacré Cœur, at Streatham, and then, at the age of ten, earned six shillings a week in *Dick Whittington*, at Brixton. Later on she graduated as a chorister in *The Miracle*. Ultimately, André Charlot discovered her, and her first hit number was " Winnie the Window-Cleaner." Do you remember it ? But from the very start she has been as clever as a monkey. She has the theatre in her bones, and picked up everything she could learn about it with consummate ease.

IN 1924 she went to the United States in Charlot's Revue. Two years later she went again, under the same management. I remember her singing " A Slip of a Girl." She put it over marvellously, though the tune wasn't much and the words were less.

Usually when you read an article signed by an actress you suspect (if you know anything about it) that the Press agent wrote it for her. I have just turned up an article by Miss Lawrence, written some time ago, and I bet she wrote it herself. She gave three maxims : " Look up and not down " ; " Look forward and not back " ; and " Look out and not in." If that is not admirable advice, my real name is Charles Gay.

Her performance in *Nymph Errant* has been interesting. She used to be winsome. Now she has gone definitely roguish. The other night I saw her at the Dorchester with a very grand party, watching Les Girls.

One could not help comparing those gorgeous specimens of American Chorushood with Miss Lawrence, and noting the difference between the types that are popular over here and on the other side. America relying upon extreme good looks ; England winning the day with alert individuality.

It is the latter which has carried Miss Lawrence from pantomime super to leading lady ; from the suburb of Streatham to the mansions of Mayfair.

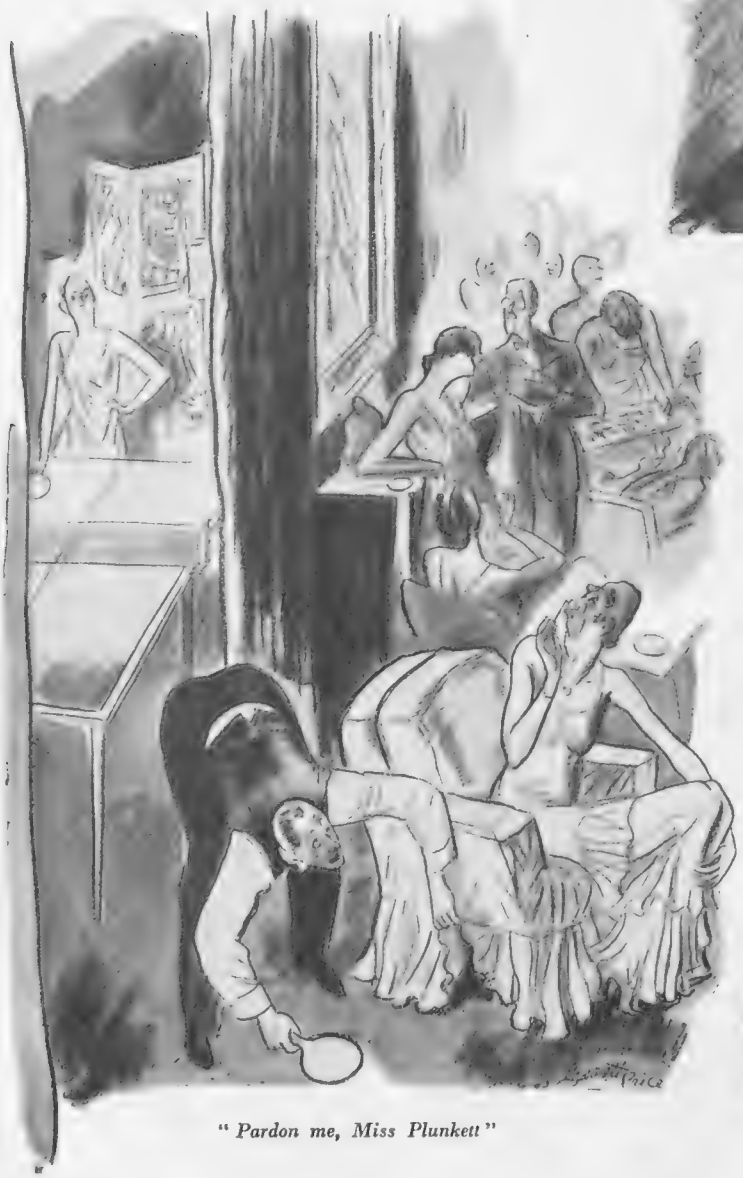
IF YOU DON'T LAUGH WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?

American Humour at its Best

Our lively contemporary, "The New Yorker," which has attained a popularity far wider than the Western Hemisphere, is rather proud of its jokes—as well it may be. Many are so good that it is a pity to lose sight of them, for one likes to be reminded of the good things in life.

That the feeling is general is proved by the publication of the *Fifth New Yorker Album* by Messrs. John Lane, The Bodley Head, Ltd., of Vigo Street, W.1 (7*s.* 6*d.* net), and the jokes which appear on these pages have been extracted from that publication.

"And when I asked some little token of your affection, Mr. Bentley, your answer was to send me two football tickets"



"Pardon me, Miss Plunkett"

"Heavens, Miss Dinsmore, your feet are trembling!"

" *Upsy-daisy* "

" *Peek-a-boo ! Still mad ?* "

" *And this is the Imperial Suite, occupied only on special occasions* "

" *Is it all right to put away Mr. Dodd's little playthings ?* "

Westminster Whispers:

By "Big Ben" on Tour

Our leaders are continually telling us that "we have turned the corner"; they ought to know, but some of us can't help thinking that it is a case of a long, long trail a-winding. However, as Sir Robert Horne might say—though I don't mean what he 'd mean by it—there 's a silver lining to every cloud; and one trade has come up to the expectations of the National Government in general and the tariffists in particular—the wool trade.

I may as well get it in at once, because it is bound to come sooner or later—the Woolsack. Wool was once described as "the flower, the strength, the blood of England." If the industry goes on as it is going, the Yorkshire towns will be living up to their school-book reputations, and there will be no need, after all, for the Lord Chancellor to exchange his seat for a bar of gold. The merchants in their fight for power haven't yet beaten the producers.

Quite apart from the plethora of statistics, I think I can truthfully say that I have found more optimism for the future and greater self-confidence in the woollen towns than in most of the other big industrial centres which my tour has taken me through.

The history of the woollen trade in Yorkshire goes back to the Conquest. But it was many hundreds of years before the principal cities engaged in the trade attained any status of importance. And this in spite of Royal patronage. Wool has always been in Royalty's good books. Edward the Third and James the First did all they could to encourage its production, while Charles the Second hit on the brilliant notion of decreeing that all dead bodies should be buried in woollen shrouds.

It wasn't until after the 1832 Reform Act that Leeds and Bradford, Halifax, and Huddersfield were granted the right of Parliamentary representation. In consequence, the political tradition of the industry is meagre. Not that great men have been lacking. There have been men with splendid lives, which the dozen Members who sit for the four big towns to-day have to live up to.

At Bradford, Lord Masham; at Halifax, the Crossleys; at Huddersfield, the Ramsdens, whose connections with the place go back to Queen Elizabeth's day; at Leeds, in more recent times, Lord Allerton; and the Bradford Members have, besides, to stir them, that grim example of what belief in principles can accomplish—the first temperance hall to be erected in this country.

Leeds's six seats are, in normal times, equally divided between Conservatives and Socialists. After 1931 only one Socialist remained, Major Milner; but there was also Mr. Denman, of the National Labour camp, who kept his seat with the help of his old Liberal and Conservative enemies. Major Milner succeeded Sir Henry Slesser when he became a Judge, who, in his turn, had succeeded Sir James O'Grady when he became a knight and Governor of Tasmania.

Sir Henry Slesser was Solicitor-General in the first Socialist Government, and might have hoped for office in the second, but he was sacrificed on the altar of Jowitt and Cripps. As events turned out, a well-chosen sacrifice! Major Milner is a Leeds man; he was born there and educated there. He practises there as a solicitor, plays his part in local life, and married a Leeds lady. He was Dr. Addison's Parliamentary Private Secretary when he was Minister of Agriculture, but as a rule he prefers leading to being led.

Mr. Denman's National Labour sympathies are his third choice. He was formerly a Liberal, and, as such, Member for Carlisle. Mr. MacDonald, as his reward for loyalty, made him Second Church Estates Commissioner. That did not prevent him, however, from railing against the Ministers who neglect the House for other engagements. He was full of good advice at the start: "The Government are singularly rich in youth, very individual, and of great political interest. I ask the Government to make a reasonable use of the material at their disposal." What does he think to-day? Who has disappointed him more—the Government or the youth?

He is fully alive to his own position. "The Conservatives," he says, "have to show high qualities of patience and imaginative sympathy with other points of view. Conservatives have to maintain the National Government and keep the Government national." I am glad he explained "It is a question of spirit."

Second Church Estates Commissioner seems to attract Leeds Members. Sir John Birchall had the job from 1922 to 1924 and from 1925 to 1929. He was a success. He is popular with Churchmen and laity. But he had to be sacrificed for Mr. Denman and National Unity and National Labour reward. Perhaps the Prime Minister didn't like his election address?—"An incredible event has

Round the Constituencies: No. 13.

Leeds, Halifax, Bradford and Huddersfield

Sketches by David Wilson

occurred. We Conservatives find ourselves ranged in support of Mr. MacDonald." To some Conservatives, it is still incredible.

Sir John (he was made a knight in 1929) first attacked Leeds in 1906. He had another try in 1910. In 1918 he got in for the North-East Division, and he 's been there ever since, and can remain there now for as long as he likes. He is slightly deaf, but I think he would tell you that that 's an asset.

Leeds West in any election but the last would have been a safe Socialist seat. As it was, Mr. Adams beat Mr. Stamford, who had been there since 1923, by a good ten thousand. The fight of the Division was in 1924, when Captain Fritz Renton ran Mr. Stamford to within three in a poll of thirty thousand. Mr. Adams is thirty-three, a barrister, an ex-President of the Cambridge Union who hasn't quite forgotten his Union style. His speeches in what is considered to be a dull House are witty. Sometimes they get him into trouble. A story of an old Irish lady made him fall foul of Mr. " Paddy " Hannon. He is the chief protagonist of the anti-bomb group. I suppose he won't mind if I say that in this he is all at sea ?

Mr. Charlton seemed as secure in Leeds South as Mr. Stamford in Leeds West. But even his pink election address did not save him ; he was out by seven thousand, conquered by a tyro, Mr. Whiteside, and his slogan, " Are You for England ? " Mr. Peake, feeling quite happy fighting the seat he had held in black '29 by eight thousand, didn't descend to colours. He quoted Swinburne : and his majority this time was twenty-five thousand.

At Bradford there is a Liberal, Mr. Holdsworth, not inappropriately in business, a rag merchant. He lives in Bradford. So does Mr. Hepworth. Mr. Eady (he preferred Mr. MacDonald's election address to his own) lives in Shipley ; Sir Eugene Ramsden near Leeds. The town's four are true Yorkshiremen. Sir Eugene and Mr. Hepworth do not see eye to eye over India. Mr. Hepworth is one of the India Defence League ; Sir Eugene is a disciplinarian. He takes his orders from above ; " Theirs not to reason why." When he speaks he knows what he is talking about, but he speaks seldom.

He was Member for the North Division from 1924 to 1929, then Sir Norman Angell beat him. The famous Mr. Jowett, the Right Honourable Fred, who was First Commissioner of Works in the first Socialist Government, was Member for the West Division from 1906 to 1918, from 1922 to 1924, and from 1929 to 1931. He first fought the seat in 1900. That is a lesson in perseverance which might be inwardly digested by some of those ardent Conservatives who desert their seats as soon as they 're defeated as light-heartedly as professional bankrupts desert their creditors.

Mr. Gledhill was beaten at Halifax in 1929 by seven thousand, but he stuck to his guns and he had a twenty thousand majority in 1931. He is a Halifax man, but so was his Socialist opponent, Mr. Longbottom, who had been on the local council since 1912, and was an ex-Mayor into the bargain. He came in in 1928, when Mr. Speaker Whitley, who was a Liberal, retired. He had sat there from 1902, the old days when Halifax sent two Members to Westminster.

The electors of Huddersfield number eighty thousand, of whom about sixty-five thousand go to the poll. There are, roughly, twenty thousand Conservatives amongst them, twenty thousand Liberals, and twenty thousand Socialists. The floating five thousand put their man in. Last time they forsook the Socialist, Mr. Hudson, who had been looking after them since 1923, and plumped for Mr. William Mabane, a Liberal Nationalist.

Mr. Mabane is one of the genuinely young men in the Commons who appears to have a future before him. He is under forty, Parliamentary Private Secretary to Mr. Shakespeare, at the Ministry of Health, with the qualities of a north-countryman without all their advertised disadvantages. He has ideas, ambition, and modesty. He hasn't been long in taking stock of the House. " Back-Bench Members have a purpose to serve," he remarked some time ago. " Faint with hunger, they can keep a debate going while right honourable gentlemen enjoy their dinners." Well, if crumbs do happen to fall from the master's table, no doubt Mr. Mabane will be there to pick them up.

Next Week :

Yorkists and Lancastrians

Second Thoughts on First Nights

"So Good! So Kind!!" (Playhouse)

GOINGS-ON of the week under review were varied enough to keep the playgoer somewhere midway between coma and clover. First we had one of those "flighty little comedies" that nobody should have written, and nobody could have written, except a woman. This was *So Good! So Kind!!* by Nesta Sawyer, which Leon M. Lion was so good and so kind as to put on at the Playhouse. Most of the characters had titles, but no characters worth bothering about. Marie Löhr very gamely and graciously got embroiled with them—the young engaged couple, the sinister Peer, the noisy blonde, and so on—as one of those vague, kind-hearted aristocrats who want their friends to be happy at any price. There were some pretty terrible lines and some painfully dull and pretentious patches. Nothing can stop embryo authors from sprinkling preposterous situations with their brightest gems of wit, but I do wish managers wouldn't put their efforts into production. It 's hard on the poor actors and it does the theatre no good.

"The Cherry Orchard" (Old Vic)

SIMULTANEOUS with this distressing affair on the left side of the river, the big guns were in action on the Russian front across the water. Result: victory complete for Anton Tchechov, the Old Vic, and the entire constellation of intellectual stars gathered together in *The Cherry Orchard*. If Charles Laughton, Athene Seyler, Flora Robson, Leon Quartermaine, Ursula Jeans, Elsa Lanchester, Roger Livesey, James Mason, and Dennis Arundell had each given the worst performance of their lives it would have been safe to prophesy the success of this revival. As every member of the assembled cluster shines with unblemished brilliance, the Old Vic is ablaze in their reflected glory.

"Ballerina" (Gaiety)

"BALLERINA," at the Gaiety, is Rodney Ackland's version of Lady Eleanor Smith's novel. Two-thirds of it is just the conventional, episodic way of tracing the milestones in the career of the Great Artist. Whether the Great Artist is a prima donna or a ballerina, I am always sceptical of those inevitable scenes of triumph in some Paris hotel. Madame must open the window and hear the still-cheering crowd. Madame must be good enough, exhausted as she is, to smell these roses. Madame must (you can bet your last penny on this) sign her new contract for a world tour. And, finally, Madame must renounce, for the fifth time, the lover who stands between her and her Art.

Things don't run quite so drearily to schedule as that, but, sorry as I am for dancers who must practise points and arabesques till their toes drop off, I just couldn't warm to Varsavina or her circus juggler, or the dreary old gentleman who trained and then married her, or the romantic young lordling who kissed her on Carnival Night in Bruges. Aubrey Hammond's scenery was inviting, Frances Doble looked very beautiful (but cold-ish, I thought, and hardly my idea of the temperamental star), and Wendy Toyé (disguised in a cunning mask as Miss Doble) and Brigitta danced beautifully to Henry Sullivan's music. Still nothing stirred. The pace was funereal, the characters just "props," the dialogue leaden and obvious. You could guess each scene, if you cared to, before it happened.

All of a sudden, the stage began to revolve, the author got going in the best part, the ballerina's odious, hunchback son, Anton Dolin, dashed on with the ballet, Miss Doble (now in her decline) began to act, and both play and audience flashed into life. It was a close thing, but the verdict seemed to be that *Ballerina* had got home by a short head. But someone must jockey her into making the pace at the start.

"Sunshine House" (Little)

IF you 're sorry for the inmates of private mental homes and are prepared to mix a tear of pity with a gust of laughter and a gasp of surprise, *Sunshine House*, at the Little, is your cup of tea. The author, H. C. Voller, writes forcibly and dramatically of what he knows, and the result is a serious, well-acted play, guaranteed to make the town sit up and think.

TRINCULO.

"Ballerina" at the Gaiety

The famous Ballerina, Lind Varsavina (Frances Doble), and her partner, Borch (Anton Dolin), dance the Snowbird ballet

War at Worplesdon

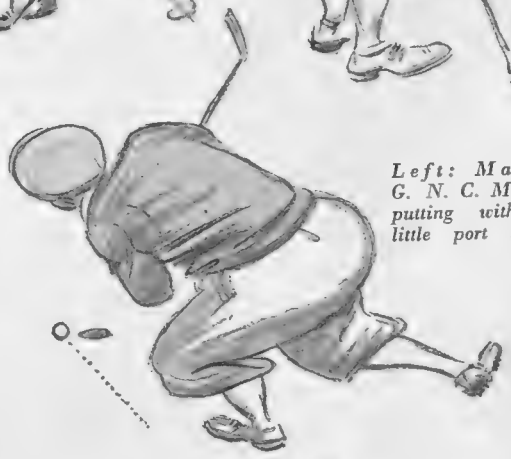
L. O. Munn and Mrs. R. O. Porter, a most joyful pair

Mr. Tolley takes his partner, Mme. A. M. Vagliano, for a ride

Below: Mrs. Douglas Fish and Douglas Fish look entirely out of water when their opponents putt at the nineteenth for the match

Miss D. R. Fowler getting down to her putt

Delightful leg-action by Miss Enid Wilson when almost holing a putt



Left: Major G. N. C. Martin putting with a little port sway

Left: Mlle. A. de Gunzbourg puts the wind up F. Ricardo's plus eights

Right: the Hon. W. Brownlow takes a back seat when his partner, Miss Lulu Esmond, starts driving

Impressions by our Artist, H. H. Harris, of some of the players engaged in homeric contests in the Mixed Foursomes

Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by "Junk" Caricatures by "Jonk"

Melville Balfour

IF Germany had left the Disarmament Conference in the middle of the week, there would almost certainly have been much more of a to-do in the House about it. As it was, with Sunday between the announcement of the news and the opening of the markets, no one was in a frame of mind more excited than a cautious one. Hatry, in fact, managed to upset the Stock Exchange a good deal more sharply than Hitler did.

ALTOGETHER, there has been singularly little happening, either grave or gay, to draw the attention of a bystander in the House. We tried Harold Hunt, to see if there was any scandal, gossip, or a new Nicholl brothers story, but he said we had to be content with rare consciences and quick wit, whatever that meant. Perhaps it 's what one might expect from a man who combines a clerical appearance with a Dickensian manner, and who can be summed up in the phrase "Church and Stage." By an odd coincidence—or is it cause and effect?—he was educated at a cathedral school, and his hobbies now are visiting cathedrals and music-halls.

AND, talking of hobbies, we have another collector to add to our series. This is Alfred Charlesworth, head of a firm of jobbers in the gilt-edged market, and a member of over forty years' standing. He collects railway tickets, and has somewhere about twenty thousand of them, English and foreign. He is an expert on railways and railway time-tables; so much so that, if he was asked what was on page so-and-so of Bradshaw, it 's even money he 'd know the answer. Someone told him he was going to the South of France for a holiday, and Mr. Charlesworth was at once able to supply a time-table for the journey out of his head. The story goes that, not only did he know what time the train arrived at and left the places it stopped at en route, but also which end the first-class carriages were, and when the dining-car was put on and taken off. He used to be a famous cyclist, a pioneer of this sport, and covered incredible distances in a day.

Freddy Dyall

ANOTHER jobber in the gilt-edged market who is well over the forty years' membership line is Freddy Dyall. He is a great character in the market; full of geniality, he walks about with rather stiff, short legs, like a teddy-bear. He has an enormous and very deep voice, and booms it out as he stumps around among his friends. In order to hear it at its best, two or three people have to get together to greet him when he comes in sight. They shout at him, "'Ullo, Freddy! 'Ow are yer?" and he invariably shouts back, full strength, "I 'm all right!"

MELVILLE BALFOUR has been under "Jonk's" eye for some time as having a particularly draw-able appearance, and although we don't know much about him, except some nicknames, we are featuring him this week. He is a partner in a big firm of brokers, came back from Scotland not so very long ago, lives in London, hunts with the Bicester, and has an attractive wife.

ONE of the better sights of the House lately was the performance put up by "The Prawn." Some of his friends presented him with a prawning-net; he thereupon rolled up his trousers, and set off on an expedition to catch his little namesakes. Nothing could have been finer or more appreciated by his audience than the incomparable air with which he walked about, catching phantom prawns on the floor of the House.

WE have to acknowledge a leg-pull by one of our usually reliable informants, who, we think, may have been having a revenge, and may live to regret it! At the same time, we offer our apologies to the other victim, P. K. Stephenson, who never went outside the British Isles for his holiday, but spent it in Scotland.

THE following is the latest City composition to epitomise America and Americans—

They composed the Versailles Treaty—and wouldn't sign it; they suggested the League of Nations—and wouldn't join; they proposed disarmament—and built battleships; they invented the cocktail—and went dry.

ALL other stories lately have been of the unprintable variety, so must be left to filter home through the usual channels.

Harold Hunt

DUNLOP
DUNLOP
THE HALL MARK

Saturday 28 October

"LADIES NIGHT"

AT

WHITE CITY

STADIUM

8 P.M.

Final of Greyhound Oaks

• THE WORLD'S FASTEST GREYHOUNDS ON THE WORLD'S FINEST TRACK!

The Passing Picture Show

Curiosities and Disappointments

By Sydney Tremayne

Right: Eugen Kloepfer and Hans Feher hiding from the police in a tunnel, in a scene from "Hunted People," the German film at the Cinema House. Hans Feher, the boy, is the son of Friedrich Feher, who directed the film

Below: Gary Cooper, as a country bumpkin—quite a new sort of part for him—with the girl he loved, Frances Fuller, and the girl he thought he loved, Fay Wray, in "One Sunday Afternoon," which started at the Plaza last week

"Hunted People": Gone to Ground!

Walking Out in Their Sunday Best

Two of the strangest films I have seen this year were trade-shown on successive mornings. They were *Hunted People* and *One Sunday Afternoon*.

"Hunted People"

This is a German film, with superimposed English titles made superfluous by the action and the acting. Its oddity lies in the fact that it is really old-fashioned melodrama with rapid-motion "chasings" reminiscent of the early "flickers," translated photographically into the terms of modern cinema.

It opens with prolonged scenic effects of Marseilles—the harbour, narrow streets, and grim houses of the poorer quarters, taken at eccentric angles; a symbolically treated wedding, in which only the hands of bride, bridegroom, and priest are shown. Then there is a wedding feast, with characteristic German insistence on "types" and the merriment and speeches interrupted by the sinister sound of the hammering of nails into a coffin. All of which creates an atmosphere strangely inconsistent with the action and treatment of the rest of the film.

Leon Bernier has been convicted of murder. After serving ten years of his sentence, he escapes. From a wedding picture in a local paper, the police identify Olivier, the prosperous cabinet-maker, a widower with a little boy, who has married the Mayor's daughter, as the man they want.

They arrive during the wedding festivities. Olivier escapes, with his beloved little son, in the coffin, which his workman wheels out on a barrow. The rest of the picture concerns the chase, at times grotesque, at times moving and even terrifying. There is one terrible and realistic scene when the man is caught and nearly torn to pieces by the mob. The dénouement, abruptly achieves a happy ending—Olivier exonerated and united to his little son.

The boy is the real star of the picture. The part is played by Hans Feher, the son of the director. This is the most brilliant and appealing piece of juvenile acting I have ever seen—not excepting Jackie Coogan in *The Kid*.

"One Sunday Afternoon"

"One Sunday Afternoon" might have been called *Death in the Dentist's Chair*. It is an amazing picture, because it opens with coarse over-emphasis and its ending has a subtlety worthy of de Maupassant himself. Further, it is surprising, because handsome Gary Cooper, beloved of feminine fans as the uniformed lover of beauteous ladies, like Dietrich and Helen Hayes, appears as a lanky, uncouth "hayseed," a great raw bully in wholly ridiculous clothes. As "Biff" Grimes, who cannot keep out of scraps, who loves the frivolous and tawdry Virginia and, when she turns him down for his more prosperous friend, marries the pitifully adoring Amy, Gary Cooper gives the acting performance of his life.

One Sunday afternoon, Grimes, the dentist, is fitting his old crony with a new "plate"; meanwhile, they both get more and more disgustingly drunk, vocal and reminiscent. Enter the old enemy who stole the girl and had "Biff" put in prison. He wants a tooth out, and "Biff" decides to avenge himself by murdering him with gas. Then we go back thirty years to the events which caused this murderous hatred, from the meeting between the two men and the two girls in the pleasure park of a small town. It is all very picturesque, humorous, tragic. . . . The characterisations are excellent and clean-cut. Fay Wray has little to do except to indicate, during spasmodic appearances, the development of the vapid, vain Virginia. Feminine acting honours go to Frances Fuller, in her first film part. She maintains a consistent sweetness and an unfailing supply of tears.

"S.O.S. Iceberg"

This film had everything to recommend it: made by Dr. Arnald Franck on the west coast of Greenland, it promised not only miraculous photographic effects among Northern snows and icebergs, but the thrill of real dangers overcome and, superlative attraction, the presence of Leni Riefenstahl, of the incomparable *Blue Light*, in the cast. The snowscapes and Leni Riefenstahl are there, but the picture is disappointing. The tacked-on drama unconvincing, the characters not of the stuff from which heroes—or villains—are made, and the continuous use of close-ups quite maddening.

There is one lovely and photographically exciting scene, when the Eskimos set out in their boats to the rescue of the explorers stranded on the iceberg, which is breaking up.

"Gold-Diggers of 1933"

Another picture of which one expected much is *Gold-Diggers of* 1933. It is not up to the standard of *The Kid from Spain* or *42nd Street*. Alice MacMahon is the best thing in the picture, and Joan Blondell and Guy Kibbee are good. The film is an epitome of the "Les Girls" type of entertainment, and Berkely Busby rivals the chameleon on the plaid and comes near to "busting" himself in devising new spectacular dance-and-song arrangements.

Ivor Novello surrounded by his four leading ladies, Dorothy Dickson, Phyllis Monkman, Irene Browne, and Joan Clarkson, in his new comedy, "Sunshine Sisters," which was produced at the Palace, Manchester, last Monday. It will be seen in London early in November

• STANDING • BY . . .

A Weekly Commentary on This and That

By "THE BYSTANDERS"

MEN with queer throat formations don't come our way every day: when they do we hand them over to constant readers like yourself. We came across Mr. Kellogg by proxy last week, and Mr. Kellogg makes money out of his queer throat formation. He 's a radio star in the States, and we understand that at any moment he 's likely to be put on the transatlantic broadcast and switched out to British listeners. Mr. Kellogg (if we knew his first name I daresay we 'd be calling him it by now) can do all the old stuff like imitating birds, but he can do something none of you can do, too. He can so manipulate his throat that if he stands in front of a microphone he can set up vibrations which will blow out a match held in front of the loud-speaker. So those of you who 've got a receiving set had better buy a box of matches. Mr. Kellogg is so popular he 's making a fortune out of it all. We 're so glad, Mr. Kellogg. The nearest we ever got to knowing a man like you was an actor who had two toes on one stalk. But he was usually "resting," so we couldn't borrow from him: perhaps you could spare a dime next time you 're around.

AUTHENTIC insight into Russian efficiency is brought back by a friend from Siberia; only friend says it 's not efficiency, its esotericism. We disagree.

Friend was travelling home from Pekin on the Trans-Siberian, a fifteen-day journey of no particular excitement. On the fifth day out the train pulled up at a station in the middle of a desert, and we neither know nor care if it was parched. Station consisted of one enormous and filthy hut which was nothing but a lavatory. Painted over the door was a notice which our friend, who 's pretty hot on Russian, translated as "Do Not Something or Other Here." His knowledge of Russian was not adequate enough to translate the something or other, so he looked it up in his little pocket dictionary and found the word was "Daydream." Friend doesn't mind if we tell you this story: we don't care one way or the other.

THESPÆANS

No. 4.—Ivor Novello

A VERSATILE fellow,
Is Ivor Novello,
He 's actor and dramatist too;
Whilst as a composer
He certainly shows a
Great deal to those song-writers who
Imagine "hot" jazz is the ultimate goal
Of those who 'd give voice to a musical soul.

When writing his plays, he
Scorns plots vague and hazy,
And, shunning the high-browsing school,
He deals with Apaches
And types to whom cash is
The thing that counts most as a rule;
Or pictures the lives and the loves of that crowd
Whose morals are faint but whose manners are loud.

Though flappers go "goofy"
About him, there 's proof he
Has plenty of humour and wit,
And though they adore him,
I fancy they bore him
With unbalanced cheers from the pit,
For Ivor is wise, and though geese loudly sing,
He knows that the play, not the profile, 's the thing.

B. W.

A CLIPPING received last mail from Los Angeles gives us a god-sent opportunity of striking a blow at our pet aversions; clipping stating that Dr. W. H. Graves, a "naturopath" of that city, has just wedded Miss Carol Anita Hofer, a member of the same hiking club. The wedding was celebrated in a theatre, after the doctor and Carol Anita had put on a show, show consisting of the two, clad in shorts, walking up a "leafy glade," in the middle of which they sat down and shared an apple, the doctor saying a few ill-chosen words in praise of unfired foods. At the end of his spiel, twelve-years-old Claire de Rome, dressed as Cupid, let fly an arrow at the well-matched couple, after which they pretended to sleep until the parson came and performed the ceremony. This done, the couple sang a song until twelve-years-old Claire de Rome popped in again and fired another arrow. Much applause. We are informed that twelve-years-old Claire de Rome has never been allowed to eat fired foods. We wish she had, then she might have loosed off at them with a sawn-off shot gun. Will one of you please give the child a steak?

OUR secretary [yes, we share one] now has instructions to open a file for anonymous letters which accuse us of taking graft in the form of free meals at grand restaurants, champagne from night clubs, and favours from girl friends who want publicity; so we want to make it clear right now that if any of you others want to buy our good-will we 're sick of champagne and what we really need is a new pair of fire-tongs and a deerstalking cap with string on top. And we like negresses. A friend of

Sasha

Jane Welsh, who is playing in "Ladies' Night," the new farce at the Aldwych, in which Sydney Howard will make his reappearance. She is the wife of Henry Mollison, the young actor who comes of a well-known theatrical family

ours did once take graft, but it did him very little good. He wangled a free ticket from an air-line, on condition that he gave them some publicity, and the airplane crashed. He hasn't been doing so well lately, so he 's always telling us that graft doesn't pay. We want to know what the hell else it does: it suits us all right. Only, make it bigger next time.

WE like nothing in this world so much as coloured people, so, recalling our youth, when we panted for her, we trotted off the other night to see Josephine Baker. At one time in our career Josephine was the day's high spot, and when she first came to Paris we went to see her every night. Somehow, we didn't take to her again the other day, so we guess we 're getting old. Well, it 's nice to know it, for we 've always been informed that there 's no fool like an old fool; and we like fools. We 've known plenty in our time, and the only one we didn't get a kick out of was a man who 'd pushed a peanut across Brooklyn Bridge with his nose. He did it for a five-dollar bet; but it cost more than that in doctor's fees on account of blood poisoning. We only met Josephine once. If we meet her again we 'll have some more to say. Go see her before you get old. And just mention our name if it 'll amuse you.

WE 'VE had our office psychologists up all night puzzling as to why J. H. Thomas should be insulted by the suggestion that he is to be the Czar of Dogracing (yes, it 's all one word in this department): but the boys have had to confess themselves beaten. We 're puzzled, too, but then we 're used to going around with less shallow minds than those of politicians. We think J.H.T. would do a fine job, and as most dogracing takes place at night he could wear a dress-shirt so that no one could mistake him for a bookmaker. And, as a cynical friend points out over the telephone, by imagining that he was running with the hare and hunting with the hounds, J. H. Thomas would not miss a political career, except at breakfast-time. No, you 're wrong: we 've nothing against the man personally.

A FRIEND of ours in the Foreign Office has recently returned from a holiday whose itinerary included a two days' visit to Moscow. Friend could not say that he was deeply impressed with the local prosperity, and when we threw aside our mask of indifference and asked him why, he informed us that things were pretty bad, because he didn't see a decently-cut suit of clothes the whole time he was in the city. We only tell you this because we think it will reassure you to know that our foreign policy is in the hands of gentlemen. Some of you may have been worrying yourselves sick thinking about this problem.

BEING something of a psychologist, we spent twenty minutes of last week's golden hours in the reception-hall of a cigarette factory in London. We wanted to study the reactions of men and women going in and out of a revolving doorway. And we got an eyeful. All the men pushed the door the right way coming in and so did most of the women, but going out all the women except one tried to push the door the wrong way; and all except one of these blamed the door and not themselves. We asked one woman if she was left-handed, thinking that might account for it, but it didn't. All of them, however, went out laden with free gifts exchanged for coupons. One man had a parcel whose shape intrigued us so, we asked him what it was. He said a pair of shears for the garden and a scent-spray for his daughter. Another man we asked told us to mind our own business. Never being inclined that way, we pass the information on: it 's the only excuse we can think of for writing things like this. Sad to tell, we know no more about conditioned reflexes than we did when we started out; except that we think the plural ought to be reflices. THE BYSTANDERS.

A scene from "Gold-Diggers of 1933," a First National picture, showing the Park Bench Petting Party, in which it is claimed there are the most beautiful girls in the world

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

The Rival Blues

A line-out during the game between Blackheath Extra First Fifteen and Catford Bridge, played at the Rectory Field, when the result of the match was a draw. Another Blackheath First Fifteen played a match against Newport and lost by 16 to 3

Richmond played a weakened Northampton side at Old Deer Park and won the match by sixteen points to nil. The photograph shows a Northampton player attempting to bullock through

THERE is a quality about the Rugby football played at Oxford and Cambridge which you will find nowhere else, or so it seems to me. It may be that I speak as a doddering greybeard; perhaps you will think me uncomplimentary or merely sentimental if I discern as the main ingredient of this quality a kind of golden youthfulness.

Do not mistake me; this youthfulness is neither callow nor ignorant. It is, indeed, something vital, a resilience, a zest, which colours the game and shakes it out of a dull uniformity. They make mistakes, these 'Varsity players, but there is a redeeming exuberance and generosity about their mistakes, and club players, by comparison, seem elderly gentlemen, sadly set in their ways. I have a feeling, for example, that the average club forward knows all the short cuts; no wastage of energy for him, but a steady trot through the season from September till April. Up to a point, this is admirable common sense, and it would ill become me to decry the short cut, when I have so often taken it myself. Common sense, though, is one of the more unattractive virtues, and it will never set any game alight. In Rugby football particularly it is the man with a streak of incalculable wildness in him who saves us from stereotyped monotony.

IT was this wildness, expressed in a prodigality of effort, which I saw at Iffley Road the other day when Oxford did battle with the London Scottish. Battle is the appropriate word, for the match proceeded in a series of thuds, and tries occurred mostly while the main bodies of troops were gathering strength to strike again. It was not exactly brilliant Rugby football, but it was great fun, and if I may judge on such slender evidence, Oxford will have a very useful side this year. I would even wager that, barring injuries, six out of the seven players behind the scrummage are already certain of their places. I will go farther—this is very rash—and name them: H. G. Owen-Smith, full-back; A. L. Warr, H. D. B. Lorraine, P. Cranmer, and S. Waide, three-quarters; K. L. T. Jackson, stand-off half. Warr and Cranmer are the newcomers, and very promising I thought them. It is true that Warr occasionally kicked into the centre when his weight and speed might have carried him through, but that is a common fault among wing three-quarters, and a matter of self-confidence. Once Warr has realised that he takes a deal of stopping, he will remember that a wing should only kick in the utmost emergency, when there is not the slightest chance of beating the defence. It is good to see the intelligent cross-kick at the appropriate moment, but it is even better to see a wing using all his strength and determination in a burst for the corner flag. Warr has plenty of determination and sufficient speed; he will do.

Cranmer, a left centre from St. Edward's School, is a discovery. He is big, strong, and clever; there is a sense of rhythm about his running and passing which promises well for the future. What is more, he seems capable of bringing out the best in Waide, and two years ago Waide was the likeliest young left wing in the four countries. Lorraine and Jackson we know, and I think I can say with strict impartiality that Oxford have a really dangerous back division in the making. The scrum-half position is more open; it lies, I should imagine, between two Dominion players—Bok, of South Africa, and McShane, a nippy little Australian.

As for the forwards, they are at present ragged, but that is merely a matter for scrum-practices. Here again I will plunge, and name four certainties—J. B. Bowers, the captain, a strong player; and the three front-row men, M. F. Peacock, E. S. Nicholson, and J. H. Pienaar, a hard-working South African of the right stocky build.

LET the Oxford enthusiast beware, though, lest he rate the old enemy too lightly. Cambridge also will be strong—let there be no mistake about that. To begin with, D. I. Brown, who played so well for Scotland at full-back last season, is again in residence, but he will have a mighty hard struggle with G. W. Parker for a Blue. Then look at the three-quarter line as we may see it at Twickenham—K. C. Fyfe, of Scotland, R. C. S. Dick, W. Wooler, of Wales, and W. G. S. Johnston. Fyfe is a very good player indeed, and Johnston, on the other wing, has exceptional speed and the true aggressive spirit. Dick is a nimble, intelligent centre, and Wooler last winter gained a reputation as the boy wonder. It was perhaps a little unkind to make so much of Wooler, for a reputation is a grievous handicap to a young player. Still, I believe the stuff is there, for Wooler kept his head well enough, and I have no doubt that he will find Rugby football at Cambridge very much to his liking.

Next, the half-backs, at present P. L. Candler and J. E. Bowcott, and a useful pair they are. Candler is particularly promising, a quick, neat stand-off half with good hands and an eye for an opening. I have an idea that there will be some difficulty in filling the scrum-half position satisfactorily at both Universities, but Bowcott is a nimble, tricky little player, well in the running for his Blue.

The Cambridge forwards have a powerful look about them, and R. B. Jones, the Welsh International, who captains the side, will surely lead them effectively. He has with him two tried warriors—W. J. Leather and J. H. Bowman—and as a marauder and general utility man P. Bowring will soon prove his worth. Altogether, this Cambridge side shapes well indeed, and it seems to me that there is a rousing 'Varsity match ahead of us.

Miss J. M. Hughes (Walton Heath) and Mrs. Frank Rider (North Surrey), with Miss Elsie Corlett and Mrs. P. Smith (Lytham and St. Annes), whom they beat in the fourth round. They were themselves defeated next round by the Barton sisters

Mrs. George Coats (Troon) and Mrs. Percy Garon (Thorndon Park), the back-markers, beat Mrs. Ian Miller and Mrs. Jack Fell-Clark (Wentworth) by 2 and 1 in the fourth round. They were then defeated by the runners-up, Mrs. Rieben and her daughter, by 3 and 2

Youth Scoops the Pool

Salute to the Barton Sisters, Winners of "The Bystander" Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh

Above: the finalists starting out on their round, Miss Isabella Rieben, Mrs. Rieben, and Miss Mervyn and Miss Pamela Barton

Top right: Miss Mervyn Barton (Royal Mid-Surrey), who is eighteen, and Miss Pamela Barton (West Middlesex), who is two years younger, photographed with their cups, after their win by 2 and 1 from Mrs. Rieben and Miss Isabella Rieben in the final of the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh

Left: the eight prize-winners, with their trophies, which were presented by the Marchioness of Carisbrooke. The semi-finalists at the back are Mrs. Douglas Fish (Woking) and her partner, Mrs. G. K. Harrison (Wimbledon Park), and Mrs. I. M. Payne and Mrs. B. G. Kent (Northwick Park). In front are Mrs. Rieben (Aberdovey), the Barton sisters, and Miss Isabella Rieben

Farewell to a Voice

Mrs. Borrett Leaves the B.B.C.

The First—and Last—Woman Announcer Over the Air

Mrs. Giles Borrett

The Borrett Family at Home

MRS. BORRETT'S appointment as the B.B.C.'s first woman announcer was received with interest, and, among most listeners, with approval; her "withdrawal from this work" was a disappointment. Henceforth the announcer's "mike," like the ecclesiastical pulpit and the engine-driver's platform, is not to be approached by the weaker sex. Mrs. Borrett will still, however, be heard "over the air," as she was before her brief appointment, as an artist in the programmes. She is the wife of Lieut.-Commander Giles Borrett, has a two-year-old son called Jeremy, and lives at Little Gaddesden, in Hertfordshire, where two of these photographs were taken. She is, as most people now know, a brilliant linguist; she is also an expert ukulele player, but this is one of her "home" accomplishments

Exclusive photographs by Horace Nicholls

"Glad To See You're Back!"

Fred Astaire and Claire Luce return to England for "Gay Divorce"

Below: a new portrait of Claire Luce, who arrived over here a few weeks ago to play opposite Fred Astaire in "Gay Divorce," which has been one of the successes of the year on Broadway. It started its run in Birmingham on Monday, and opens at the Palace Theatre early in November. Claire Luce was last over here when she appeared as Bonny in "Burlesque"; she says this is her favourite part (so does her sister Polly), and she certainly won London with her clever acting and attractive personality when she played it opposite Nelson Keys in 1929

Fred Astaire

It is nearly five years since Fred Astaire appeared on the London stage; his last "piece" here was "Funny Face," when his sister also appeared on the stage for the last time in England before she married Lord Charles Cavendish. Fred Astaire has been one of London's favourite Americans since he and Adèle "oompah-ed" their way to high popularity in "Stop Flirting," and his latest show, "Gay Divorce," sounds like being one of the best winter-evening cheerers of this season

Roye, Paris

Theatrical Roundabou

North and South of the Thames

Anton Dolin and Brigitta, who give the true terpsichorean touch to this circus play, which is founded on the novel by Lady Eleanor Smith

"Ballerina," at the Gaiety Theatre

Frances Doble, centre, who plays the heroine in "Ballerina," with two of the "circus folk" (Letty Lane and Ernest Borrow) with whom she is travelling. She is living with a juggler, from whom she parts to go to Bruges to be trained by an old dancer to become a great ballerina

The Wings of the Kennington Music Hall, 1850, in "Ballerina"

Sasha

Charles Laughton

who is sacrificing much more lucrative engagements by acting in "The Cherry Orchard" at the Old Vic, which, in consequence, is playing to capacity

Sasha

"The Cherry Orchard," at the Old Vic

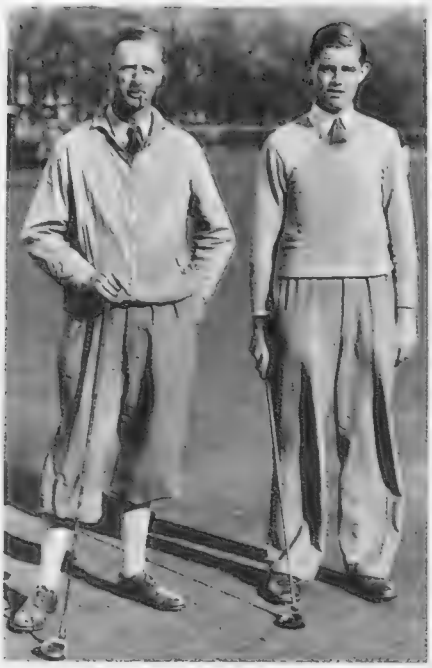
More members of the cast playing in the revival of "The Cherry Orchard." Flora Robson as Varya, Leon Quartermaine as Galv, and Ursula Jeans as Anya. Whenever this play by Tchechov is revived, and it has been revived many times, the critics seize their chance and find in it much to write about

George Dallison

Doris Carson

Another novel which has been adapted to the stage is James Laver's "Nymph Errant," at the Adelphi Theatre. On the left is a picture of Henrietta (Doris Carson), daughter of the pushing American, Mrs. Bamberg, in the scene at the Palazzo Mantalini, Venice, where Evangeline (Gertrude Lawrence) meets with one of her many hoped-for hectic adventures

Extreme left: another scene from "Ballerina," showing Frances Doble sitting on a dressing-basket. Her father (Frank Cochrane), who is going to marry the opulent fairy at the back (Winifred Evans), is standing at the wings, while the acrobat (Leo Genn) with whom she lives is on the right. This play has been adapted by Rodney Ackland from the novel "Ballerina"



The London Amateur Foursomes

C. K. Cotton and E. H. Moss, who represented Stoke Poges, the winners

D. Watson and E. B. Tipping, of Royal Ashdown, the runners-up

Blackheathens of Note

W. Sagger, Captain, C. J. T. Robertson, retiring Captain, and Major Guise Tucker, M.C., Secretary of the Royal Blackheath Golf Club, founded in 1608

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

Club Matters

THERE are several happenings in the world of golf which I have been compelled to ignore owing to the troubles of the English Golf Union, which, as you know, have been fully occupying this page for the last fortnight. However, I hope that those who expected an honourable mention, or feared a dishonourable mention, will forgive me for my absorption in the matter on hand, which was, after all, of interest, even of importance, to every one of them. In passing, I should like to state that I attended an open meeting on a recent Sunday, and that three people—two well-known golfers, and the other a stranger to me, but a man I would suspect of being in the long-handicap class—came up to me for the purpose of offering unsolicited congratulations on the point of view which I have taken up, and also for the purpose of urging me to continue my offensive against what they all called impertinent and unnecessary interference in their enjoyment of the game.

NOW let us leave the subject until it forces itself on us again. I have a slight quarrel with *Golf Illustrated* to record in the friendliest of spirits. Recently, in the editorial page of that paper, an article appeared severely condemning remarks made on a certain aspect of golf in a certain column of this journal. (Note for my own edification: not on this page!) The opinion of *Golf Illustrated* was that the remarks were unfair and untrue, and likely to harm the professional golfer. I must confess that I am inclined to agree that they were. But in a recent issue of *Golf Illustrated* there appeared an article, by a writer who shielded himself under a pseudonym, on Stoke Poges Golf Club. It is true that the Editor of the paper dissociated himself from the opinions of his contributor, but, all the same, it is my impression that the article in question was unfair and untrue, and very likely to harm Stoke Poges. It seems to me that there is a great lack of consistency here, and I am very surprised that the article was allowed to reach the pages of what is at least an important golfing weekly. No one connected with Stoke Poges claims that it is a championship course: it definitely is not. But it is grand fun, and pretty good golf at that; it is good enough for the *Golf Illustrated* Gold Vase itself, and surely the Editor of *Golf Illustrated* would not allow that delightful and important event to be played anywhere but where he thought the golf was good? So why allow unsolicited insults to appear in his journal, especially when they are bound to give great offence—as, in fact, they have done?

MENTION of Stoke Poges brings me to the London Foursomes, an event which is one of the most amusing of the year. The victors for 1933 were C. K. Cotton and E. H. Moss, representing that club; and in the final they defeated Darsie Watson and E. B. Tipping, representing Royal Ashdown Forest, by two holes up with one to play. I did not see the match, but I am told that it was one of the best finals that the event has provided: I must confess that, if given the names of the sides before the match, I should have been prepared to back the losing side. All the more credit to the winners. Cotton, of course, we know as being really very good indeed—inhumanly good on his native Stoke Poges. But Moss, who was last year's Captain of the Oxford University team and will be in residence again this winter further to help Oxford, had not previously occurred to me as being in the same class as Watson and Tipping, two very good golfers, if not great golfers. I am told, however, that his part in this victory was, perhaps, more than that of his illustrious partner, which must be saying a lot. I am very glad, for Moss obviously has plenty of good golf in him, but up to now has not quite been able to co-ordinate his ability into steady performance.

The defeated semi-finalists were Royal Wimbledon (Captain H. C. C. Tippett and R. Rutherford) and Temple (R. H. Oppenheimer and E. Martin-Smith). Other distinguished partnerships were those representing Addington (Hon. W. Brownlow and E. F. Storey) and Chislehurst (once again the brothers Hartley).

MENTION of Addington reminds me of another matter to which I must refer, and that is the inauguration of a new tournament. Mr. Abercrombie and General Critchley have got together over a competition which is to be known as the Addington Foursomes. This event is open to partnerships formed by one amateur and one professional or assistant professional, and it will be played at Addington on October 31st, November 1st, and 2nd next. All enquiries and entries should be sent to the Secretary, Addington Golf Club, Surrey, together with the entrance fee of two guineas, which is to be paid by the amateur. The entries close on October 29th, so you had better be quick about it.

This really does sound a grand idea. In the first place, amateurs get a chance of playing with professionals, which is very good for them indeed, and, in the second place, the play is by foursomes, which, in my humble opinion, is the best form of golf of all. To the more commercially-minded, the tournament is also attractive: a challenge cup is offered for the Club to which the winning amateur belongs, with a replica for the amateur himself and fifty guineas for his professional partner. The runners-up receive a medal and ten guineas respectively.

The conditions of play are simple: if more than sixty-four entries are received, a thirty-six hole medal competition will qualify sixteen couples on October 31st for match play on the following two days; if less than sixty-four, then match play will start on October 31st at once. Jolly good fun it all sounds—and jolly good for the golf of all the competing amateurs, not to mention the added competitive practice for the professionals; practice which is useful to them in this land of ours, where they get no competitive play, except for a short period in the summer.

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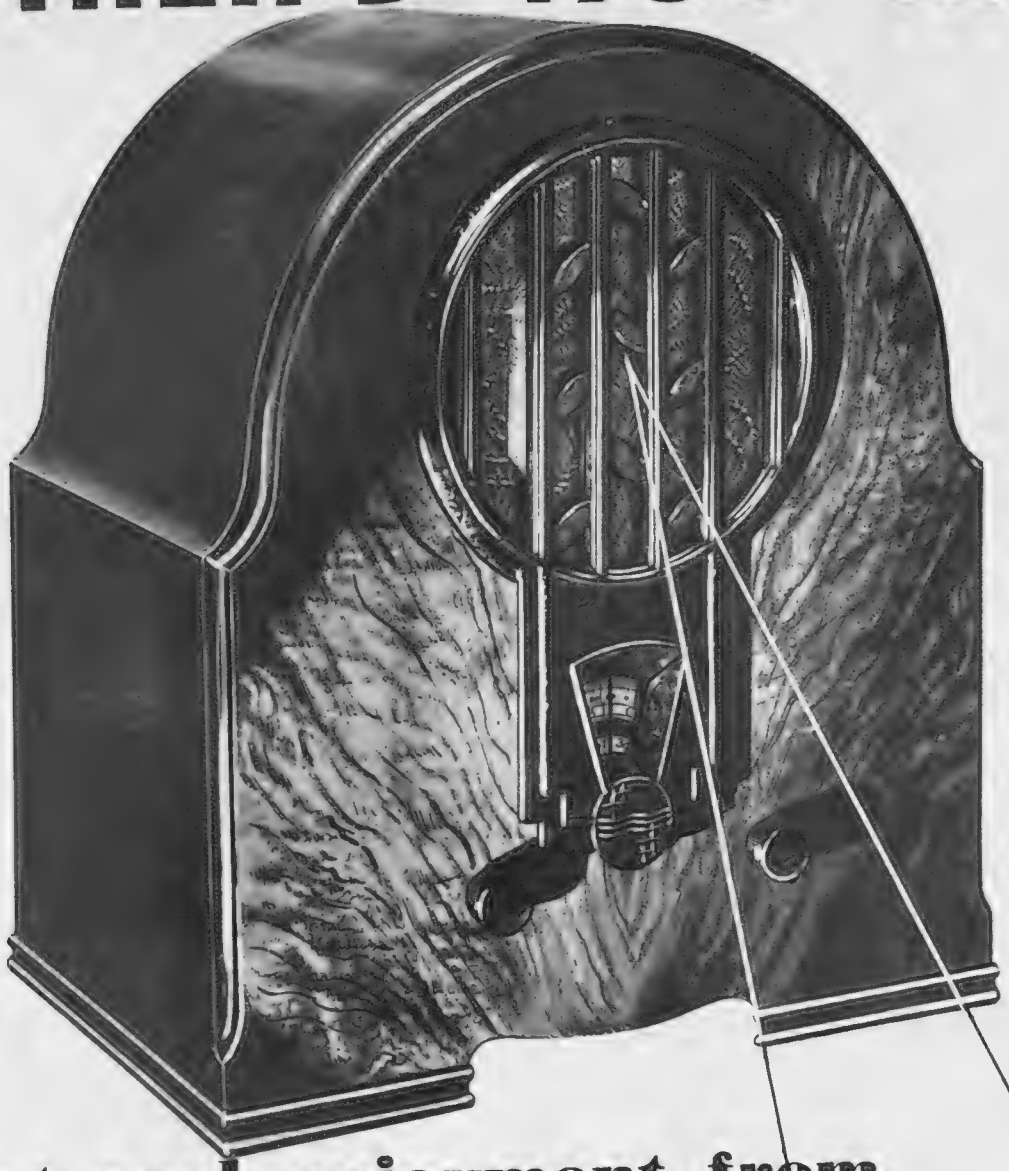

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Arbs

Music (and all That)

A New Club

By "Melos"

Sidney Beer, conducting at a rehearsal with the Viennese Philharmonic Orchestra, previous to a concert given that same evening in Vienna, which was very well attended. The soloist at the concert was the 'cellist, Piatigorsky. Newspaper criticisms were varied

Kubelik

The world-famous violinist, photographed at his hotel in London, where he has arrived to give a recital

PROFESSIONAL musicians, male and female, and those who are fond of music (in many cases a very proper distinction), have long been without a club where they can conveniently meet and talk, and even drink, in what I believe is known as "the heart of concert land." Indeed, a musical cock-and-hen club, with, of course, club premises, is something of a novelty. Such musical societies, etc., as exist meet in hotels on Sunday nights in an aroma of coffee, boredom, and insincerity.

I have just visited the new M.M. Club, to which one could almost drive a golf-ball from the Queen's Hall. It is an underground, but far from sinister, spot, with good cuisine and a BAR.

M.M. can stand for almost anything you fancy, though the management will not, as you will find if you attempt to order a whisky and soda after prohibited hours. I believe the official explanation is "Mainly Musicians." But there are other possibilities, among them being "Merely Musicians" and "Mouldy Musicians."

Many of the members—or they may have been guests—whom I saw might, however, have been described as "Master Musicians." Sir Thomas Beecham looked in for sandwiches and lager. I can think of those who would require more thrilling fare after conducting a strenuous Royal Philharmonic Concert, with a rehearsal that morning after a night spent in the train coming from Aberdeen. Sir Thomas was as sprightly and as epigrammatic as ever.

Mr. Mark Hambourg was in good form, sitting at the same table as Herr Josef Szigeti, who had just played a Mozart concerto immaculately. Herr Szigeti is a violinist who has the neat and somewhat impassive style such music demands.

Miss Katherine Goodson, Mr. Harold Samuel, and Mr. William Murdoch were among the pianists. Mr. Robert Mayer, who has done, and continues to do, an immense amount of good with his concerts for children, was entertaining a party.

He told me that the conductor of these (and many other) concerts, Dr. Malcolm Sargent, is progressing slowly but surely after his long and very serious illness. "He has been so plucky," he said, "and so cheerful, and has never once complained."

To get right to the fore as a conductor when still a young man is difficult, for the market is overstocked; but to accept a set-back such as this without a murmur when success has at last come must be almost as difficult.

I trust 1934 will see Dr. Sargent conducting again.

THE recital season has started with a mild boom in Beethoven. The London String Quartet ploughed their way through a huge selection of Beethoven chamber music, including the "Grosse Fugue"; and Herr Backhaus and Mr. Frederick Lamond have been giving all-Beethoven recitals.

Perhaps "ploughed" is too prosaic a word for the performances of the L.S.Q., for they are, both severally and collectively, very fine players indeed. But this intensive devotion to music of the same type at the same series of concerts—the aforementioned Mr. Harold Samuel can, I believe, play by heart all the forty-eight Preludes and Fugues of J. S. Bach and occasionally does—always seems to me an error in tactics.

Also it is somewhat reminiscent of the curate who, when asked if he was willing to sign the Thirty-Nine Articles replied that he was quite ready, if necessary, to sign forty.

MUSIC has caused political strife and rioting ere now. Verdi's opera *Ernani* was a case in point, though that was a long, long time ago. Trouble was expected at the Palladium for the Backhaus recital, since the malcontents at the Shaftesbury Theatre assailed Herr Werner Krauss because he was not a Jewish German. Herr Backhaus is not only a German who is not a Jew, but happens to be specially favoured by Herr Hitler.

Fortunately, nothing untoward happened. Herr Backhaus was calm and unperturbed, and played some of the Sonatas with all the exquisite grace expected of him. Perhaps he is a trifle too graceful for Beethoven.

Mr. Lamond is inclined to go to the other extreme. He looks as grim when playing Beethoven as does the bust of the great composer which frowns across the Queen's Hall stalls at "Phil" concerts. Mr. Lamond is neither a Jew nor a German. He is a Scot who has lived for many years in Germany and had lessons from Von Bülow and from Liszt.

MR. GEOFFREY TOYE has been appointed conductor-in-chief of the Royal Choral Society in the absence of Dr. Sargent.

I have received the prospectus of the forthcoming season. It is hardly exciting. But, then, it has never been the policy of this Society to be exciting; they are conservative to the point of Die-hardism, and not necessarily any the worse on that account. And so we have the familiar *Messiah*, *Elijah*, Bach's *Passion* (St. John), and, of course, the Carol Concert.

But one concert will be on slightly different lines, for the programme includes William Walton's oratorio, *Belshazzar's Feast*. That *is* exciting. Whether the verdict of posterity will have anything else to add (if, indeed, posterity gives a verdict at all) is another matter.

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly
for "The Bystander"
by
Madge Garland

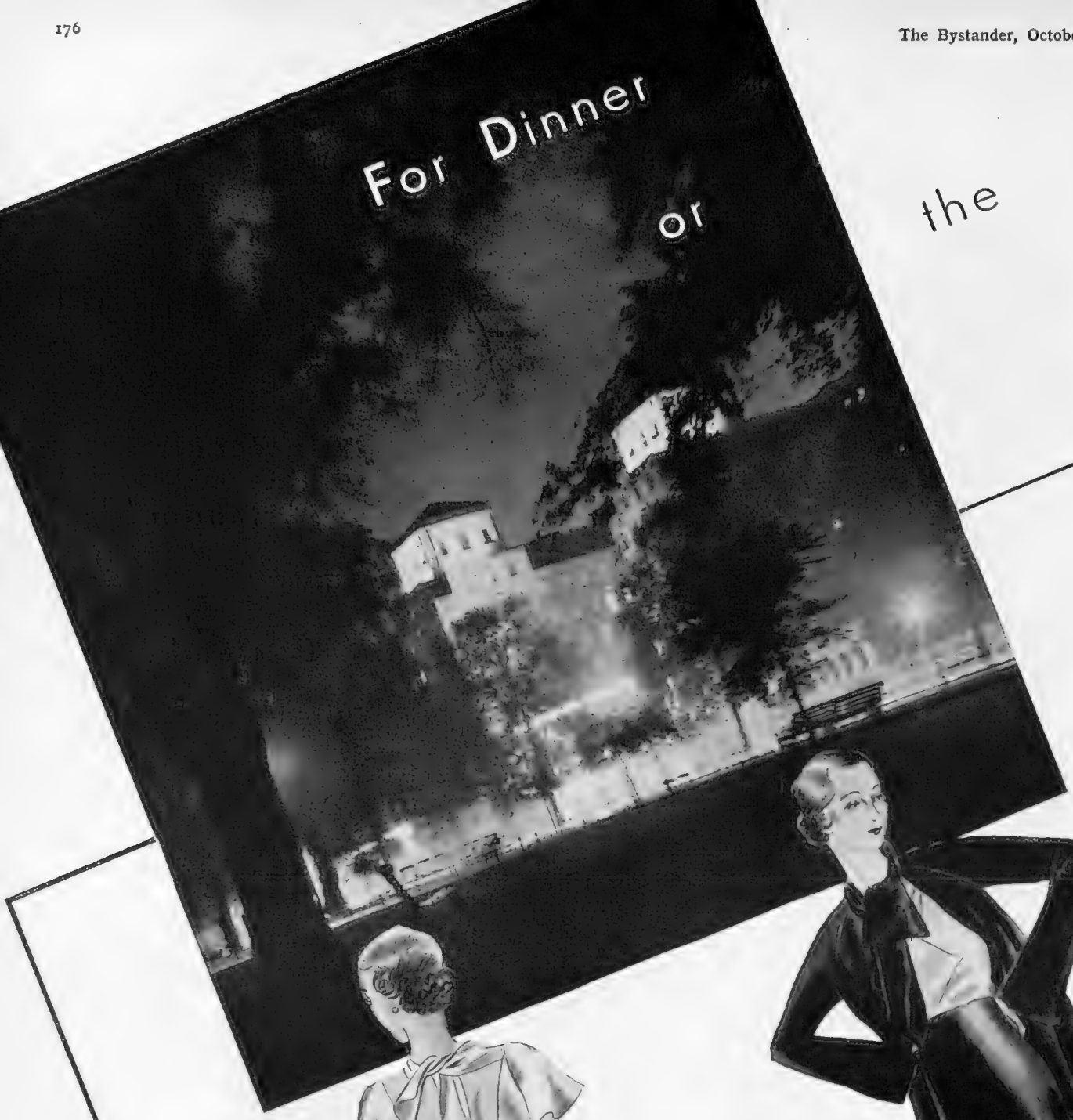
Rockwell, Paris

ABOVE. An extremely smart coat in navy blue pilot cloth has double revers and large black braid frogs. This is a Mainbocher model and may be obtained in several different colours at Fortnum and Mason

RIGHT. Miss Diana Wynyard was specially photographed for "The Bystander," just before she left for Hollywood, in this very dashing Tyrolese felt hat correctly trimmed with a cord and a chamois brush

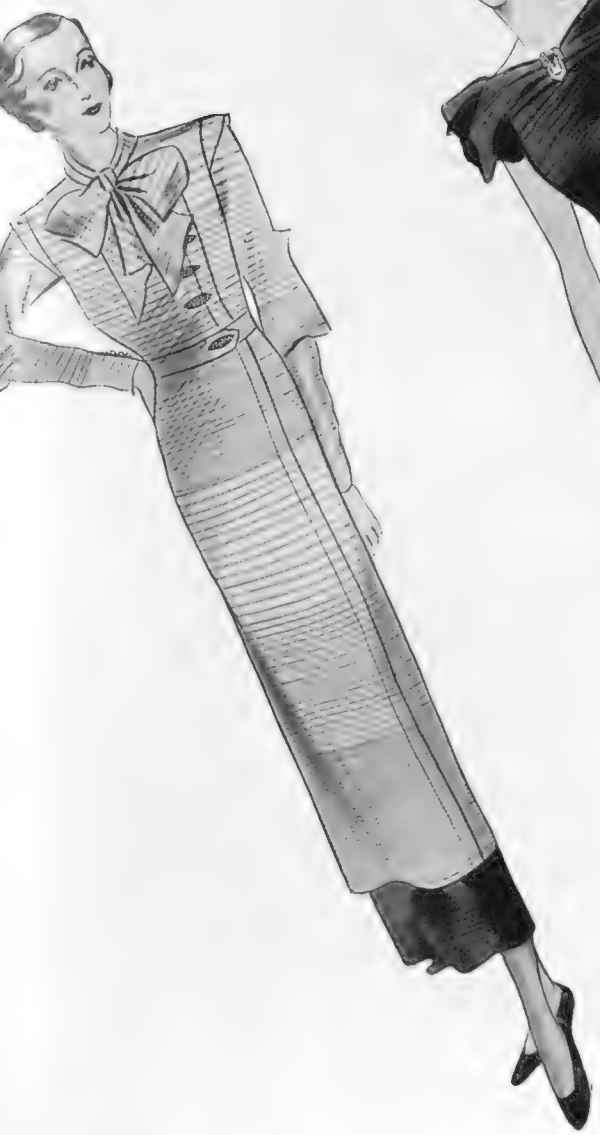
Elisabeth Ivimey

For Dinner or the



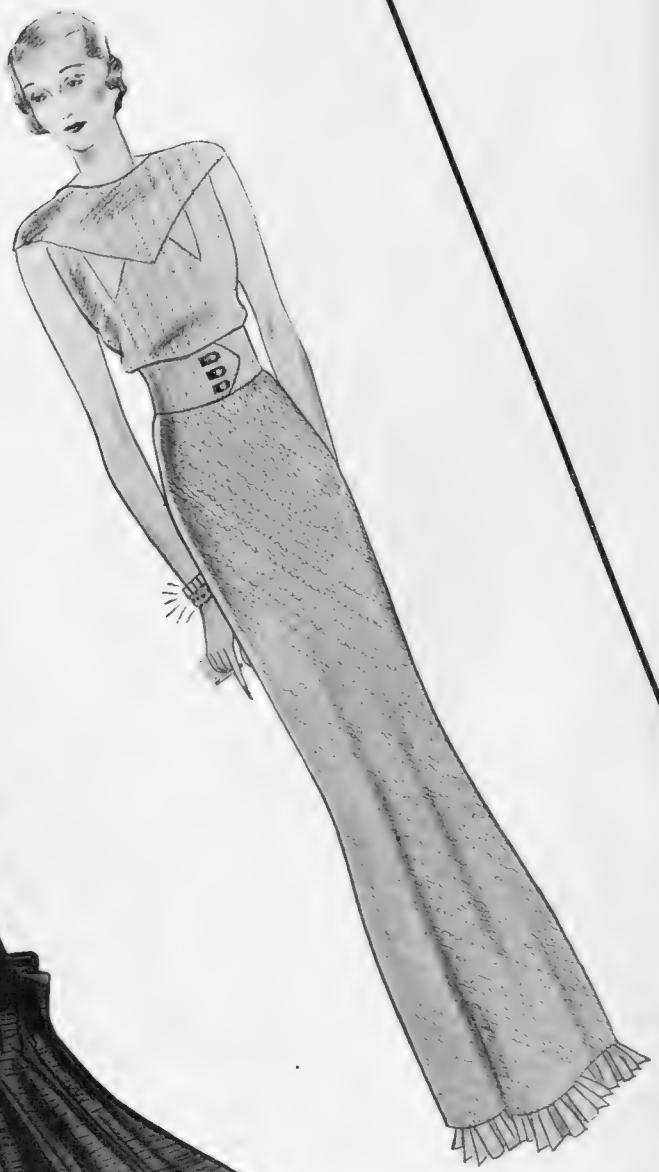
THIS cream-colour satin blouse is cleverly cut on the cross and ties at the back of the neck. It is worn with the theatre coat and skirt of black velvet shown on the right and comes from H. J. Nicoll

Theatre



A BLACK velvet three-quarter-length coat with a scarf collar and a wrap-around skirt makes an ideal theatre-going outfit. A second, and shorter, skirt turns it into an afternoon ensemble. At a remarkably low price from H. J. Nicoll

IF you are not changing for dinner a white tunic of heavy ribbed silk worn over a black skirt and under a black broad-tail coat is an extremely smart combination. This attractive tunic dress may be obtained from Marshall and Snelgrove



ONE of the prettiest dinner gowns in town is this lovely one of heavy crinkled crêpe, which is made by the White House for a very reasonable sum. It has a flounced hem, clever sleeves and a high dé-colletage held by a crystal clip

NOTHING less than cream-colour Irish crochet makes this restaurant gown, which has a pleated taffeta ruche at the hem and a broad belt fastened by three clips. It is a "Spectator Sports" model, and can be found at Fenwicks

"The Bystander" Book Shelf

Times and Places

By A. G. Macdonell

MR. EDWARD THOMPSON is not only a very sincere and deep thinker about the future of India. He is a very brave man as well. His new novel, *So a Poor Ghost* (Macmillan; 7*s.* 6*d.*), will raise many a snort of rage from exactly the people whom he so lashes with such bitter skill and accuracy. His name will be an object of fury in clubs and messes in many parts of India, if, indeed, anyone in those singular institutions ever reads serious books about themselves.

Mr. Thompson's background is a native State in Central India, and his hero is a retired Indian Civil Servant who had gone to the war, had returned to find everything changed except the mental and political outlook of those of his colleagues who did not go to the war, and resigned in a furious protest against a policy which squandered money on fireworks and pomp instead of upon famine-relief and education. Philip Rattray went home and became a Radical journalist, of the type which is known as "Bolshy" in Pall Mall and Piccadilly. But the only woman he had ever loved was married to a horrible self-pitying Resident in Central India, and Rattray pretended to himself that the magic lure of those mysterious forests and sylvan streams was calling him back to Ryalgarh. It was, of course, the passionate desire to see his lady again that drew him back. It ends sadly, for Lauretta will not leave her detestable husband on the chance of finding a love that will last for a lifetime. The risk of disillusionment is too great. Common sense scores a notable and tragic success, and Rattray leaves India for ever. *So a Poor Ghost* is a mixture of the purest poetry with savage irony and clear-sighted politics. Mr. Thompson gives the I.C.S. full praise for its disinterested courage and its honourable administration; he slashes vehemently at its obscurantism, its reactionary folly, its bureaucratic methods of suppressing liberalism and initiative. He describes both the hideousness of Indian industrialism, and the exquisite beauty of the woods and the streams and the jungle-scents at night. Everyone who takes the slightest interest in the future of India must read *So a Poor Ghost*. It is enthralling, and beautiful, and sometimes painful, and always full of loveliness. In the meantime, I suggest that Mr. Thompson should hire a strong-arm squad to protect him from the empurpled ranks of major-generals, and the retired mem-sahibs of hill-stations and garrison-towns.

MISS M. CORYN, in *Black Mastiff* (Barker; 9*s.*), has written a vivid and picturesque life-story of that great fighter Bertrand du Guesclin, Constable of France. Readers of the immortal *The White Company* will remember the ugly, flat-nosed, squat, square warrior who fought with Sir Nigel in the lists at Bordeaux, and afterwards joined with Nigel to fight the Jacquerie. Du Guesclin was the most redoubtable of all the Frenchmen who fought against the English up to the time of the Bastard and the Maid of Orleans. He was a real Frenchman, fighting for a united France and loathing men like the Breton, de Clisson, who joined the English, and the Gascons, and other men of France, who fought for the Black Prince.

Sasha

Dennis Wheatley, the versatile author, and Mrs. Wheatley. He is the son of Lady Newton and associated with Justerini and Brooks, the wine merchants, who seem to possess a staff with literary leanings. Mrs. Wheatley is a cousin of Lord Derwent and daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Louis Vanden-Bempde Johnstone

It was a long and difficult struggle, for the English were strong and the French disunited. Du Guesclin won some victories in the 1350's, but was heavily defeated and taken prisoner at Auray by Sir John Chandos. Released on payment of 100,000 livres, he renewed the contest, but was again defeated and captured, this time by the Black Prince himself. Again his unfortunate country had to fork out a heavy ransom, but it was worth it. For Du Guesclin's third attempt was wholly successful, and he harried and hustled the English almost entirely out of France. He died in 1380, at the age of about sixty. It is a magnificent subject that Miss Coryn has got hold of, and many a writer will be kicking himself sharply at having let it slip into other hands. Miss Coryn has brought great knowledge, a brisk power of narrative, and a swift style of writing to her book. There is, of course, much in it that is not history. That is inevitable in a work about those confused and comparatively undocumented times. My only regret about *Black Mastiff* is its frequent lapses into a language that might be described as Jeffery-Farnolese. Picturesqueness is one thing; pseudo-picturesqueness is very different.

MR. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM'S *Portrait of a Dictator* (Heinemann; 8*s.* 6*d.*) is a terrible book. The younger Lopez succeeded his father in 1862 as Dictator of Paraguay. There were about a million inhabitants in that Republic. When he was finally killed in a skirmish, the population had been reduced to about a quarter of a million, of which only 28,000 were of the male sex. Lopez was the most cruel and detestable Dictator in the annals of a body of men which has included Nero, Tamerlane, Domitian, and others a little nearer our own time. His two passions were killing his own subjects, and getting them killed by the soldiers of other countries. For four years he maintained a hopeless war against Brazil, Argentine, and Uruguay, and at the end he was killed and his country utterly and completely ruined. Poor Paraguay! The citizens were a wretched, stupid herd of illiterate sheep, but neither they nor anyone else ever deserved such a ruler as Lopez. It goes without saying that Mr. Cunninghame Graham is a master of the Spanish-American scene, and makes a brilliant thing out of the appalling tale which he has to tell. Dictatorship is fashionable in these days. A study of the diseased and criminally sadistic Lopez hardly inspires one with confidence in it as a system of government.

LET us turn, for heaven's sake, to something more pleasant. And what could be more pleasant than the green and soft fields of the West of England? *Pilgrim from Paddington* (Barker; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is "the record of an experiment in travel" by Miss Naomi Royde-Smith. It is a successful experiment, for it has resulted in this charming book. *Pilgrim from Paddington* is what Herr Baedeker would have written about the West of England if he had been able to suppress his strange passion for asterisks and places that are not recommended for ladies, and if he had been endowed with a skill in writing. Miss Royde-Smith has produced a guide-book that is not only a guide-book, but a piece of literature as well. She describes fast, long journeys and slow, stopping-at-every-station journeys; shopping at Maidenhead, and the memorial-stone in Winchester Cathedral to Jane Austen; Hereford and Monmouth and Wales; fireworks in Leamington and Miss Waddell's masterpiece, *Peter Abelard*.

Miss Royde-Smith has written an almost unique guide-book, for it is full of literature and learning, and catholicity of taste. I say "almost unique," for Ford's *Handbook to Spain* is an earlier example of the same school. I can give Miss Royde-Smith no higher praise than a comparison with Ford.

It's 'CELANESE' TRADE MARK that's the beauty of it

Here are Coat and Gown to show how versatile is that host of lovely fabrics made from 'Celanese.'

The Gown's weighty crêpe with its clinging quality is one of the latest Novelty Fabrics. The Coat, in a burnished Taffeta, heralds the new brilliance, the new off-standish lines. But each is made from 'Celanese,' that's the beauty of it.

Photo by Howard & Joan Coster

Sole Manufacturers of 'Celanese' Yarn and Fabrics and proprietors of the trade mark 'Celanese': BRITISH CELANESE LIMITED, HANOVER SQUARE, W.1.

royds

Delirious Dialogues: No. 30. Lord Willingdon and Noel Coward

Depicted by Bovey

Coward: *Yes, I've been in the East, but all the time I heard "London calling." Phew! It was hot!*

Willingdon: *Were you among "the mad dogs and Englishmen who go out in the mid-day sun"?*

Coward: *No, not even to study the "private lives" of "fallen angels." How are things in India?*

Willingdon: *I hear "the younger generation knocking at the door."*

Coward: *Ah, that's "the young idea." Your's is a hard job. Were I asked to fill it I should reply "I leave it to you." Do you find India healthy?*

Willingdon: *So-so. An occasional attack of "hay fever."*

Coward: *It seems that India's in "the vortex."*

Willingdon: *But I notice an improvement in "this year of grace." But I must fly. I've got a reception to attend.*

Coward: *A sort of "cavalcade" with "words and music"?*

Willingdon: *Yes, but I confess I sometimes tire of this sort of "design for living." Good-day.*

ORCHIS
by YARDLEY

BY APPOINTMENT

Perfume of exquisite beauty; the complement of lovely things, of ermine and sables, of shimmering silks and golden tissues, of the lambent fire of gems and the soft splendour of pearls.

It is created for fair women wise in the art of gracious living, the love of fine things and a just appreciation of their beauty: To them it is dedicated.

Presentation Model as illustrated 16/-. Other sizes 2/6 to 45/-.

And the same exquisite perfume is in the Powder 1/9 —Compact 2/6—Bath Dusting Powder 3/6—Talc in Glass Bottles 3/6.

ORCHIS
COMPLEXION POWDER
— THE SILVER BOX —
Large Box 1/9

LOOSE POWDER
VANITY CASE
3/6

YARDLEY
33 Old Bond Street
LONDON

O.P.1/10x7

Well-Known Pilots Air Their Views

By Capt. C. E. Ward

COLONEL LINDBERGH spent an interesting day at Croydon; the aerodrome was placed out of bounds for the general public, and only one photographer, who had left his telephoto-lens at home, secured a long-range picture of the famous pilot walking across the tarmac. Lindbergh flew the Airspeed "Courier" which Sir Alan Cobham and Squadron-Leader Helmore are using for the long hop to Australia without landing. The success of this flight will depend on the skill of the refuelling pilots stationed at four points along the route. Fuel, oil, and the bread-basket have to be transferred in mid-air in the shortest possible time, for it is not easy to maintain close formation with two machines tied together, except when the air is very calm. Another visitor from America who flew the "Courier" was "Dicky" Blythe, always associated with that unique organisation, the Quiet Birdmen. He has been pottering round the world during the past few months, enjoying himself exceedingly with other people's aeroplanes and demonstrating just how quiet a Birdman can be.

The Prince of Wales has appointed Flight-Lieut. E. H. Fielden, A.F.C., of the Reserve of Air Force Officers, to be his chief pilot and an extra Equerry. The Prince owns a Vickers "Pegasus" air-cruiser and a de H. "Dragon," both of which are twin-engined machines

"AN AIRMAN MARCHES," by H. H. Balfour, amusing, entertaining, and, in many places, provocative, is the record of eighteen years spent mostly in the flying world. Captain Balfour won the M.C. with the Royal Flying Corps, and is one of the few Members of Parliament with a thoroughly practical knowledge of aviation. In our gossip pages he would be described as tall, pale, and interesting; noted for his black hat and the habit of asking awkward questions which the Secretary of State for Air has to answer. His book, published by Hutchinson, is definitely a contribution to the literature of our time. The Master of Sempill, another energetic prophet who practises what he preaches, is at present on board the Graf Zeppelin, which is touring America. He took the chair at Major Mealing's lecture on "Air Traffic Control," one of the most startling papers ever presented to the Aeronauticals. The risk of collision in the air must increase every year, and rigid control over the movements of aircraft will have to be maintained on regular routes. The fears expressed by Charles Grey, editor of the *Aeroplane*, and Ivor McClure, manager of that boon to the private pilot, the Air Division of the "A.A.," that flying for the amateur would cease in due course owing to the impossibility of complying with all the rules, seemed to be timely. Captain Brie has solved the air traffic problem by the use of his Autogiro, but Flight-Lieut. Allen, of Scotland Yard, the only "air-cop" with real experience on this subject, could not be persuaded to reveal his plans. Incidentally, a complete course for an "A" Licence on the Autogiro costs £35. Headquarters are at Hanworth, where National Flying Services is still going strong. Pilots should note that Hanworth has been divided into two sections by a white fence along the line of the underground river. There is plenty of room for a landing in any direction without demolishing the fence.

IN my reference last week to Leslie Irvin and his parachutes, I omitted an interesting fact which deserves wide publicity. There is a popular misconception that a falling body increases its speed indefinitely and to a point where breathing becomes impossible, but Irvin stated that the parachutist attains his maximum speed of a little less than a hundred and twenty miles an hour in eleven odd seconds, after which the rate of fall is constant. Similarly, if you decide to jump from a machine travelling at four hundred miles an hour, your terminal velocity will drop in the same period of time to the aforesaid 120 or thereabouts. Indoor events of the near future include the Annual Ball of the Norfolk and Norwich Club on Friday, November 3rd, a dance party at Brooklands on the following night, advertised to conclude with a display of fireworks, and a dance at Lympne at the Cinque Ports Club on a date next month yet to be announced.

The Doggy World

Cures and Common Sense

By Lady Kitty Ritson

I AM always struck by the extraordinary lack of common sense shown by so many people in their dealings with dogs. I am kept busy answering letters from correspondents all over the world (I had one from Japan last week), and the majority of them either neglect their dog's ailments when they are serious, or fuss about them when it is merely a passing indisposition. Surely it is fairly easy to learn enough to enable you, if you own a dog, to realise, more or less, what is the matter with it. Of course, a veterinary surgeon's advice is absolutely essential when it is something which you do not understand; but otherwise, it is easy enough to look after the average dog's slight ailments.

A dog rarely catches a chill, as we know it, although a doctor once scolded me for saying, that "I had caught a chill," explaining that one couldn't vaguely have a universal chill, but that it was always a chill in some particular organ. Now dogs generally get a chill on the stomach, and it shows itself by diarrhœa and perhaps sickness. Unless you suspect distemper, you can be fairly certain that, if your dog shows these symptoms, that he has chilled his interior economy (very likely by being allowed to sit about when wet, in a cold wind).

Make him warm in a dry bed (an out-of-door kennel is not suitable in these circumstances), give him nothing at all to eat, and only a very little water, and in a day or two, he should be all right. Nobody could do more. If he is very sick, give bismuth carb., which you will obtain from the chemist for a few pence. He will also tell you how much to give. Do not make the mistake of giving any condition powders, or such medicines. They are not miracle-workers, and cannot cure a dog when he is suffering from a chill. The time to use a condition powder is if you want your dog to look extra nice for a show—then a couple will improve the gloss on his coat—but to give them often is to deprive them of their efficacy.

BUT if you use your common sense, you should need no cures for your dog, until old age steals him from you. There are so few rules to follow if you wish to keep him well. Remember, that more or less, he is still as Nature made him a million years ago, although circumstances and his environment have altered a little. If you allow him constant liberty to run about—if this is impossible, at least give him two good walks a day—provide him with meat and dog biscuit, and a place where he can find shelter from the rain, of his own accord, and real shelter, you will not find that much ails him. Show me a dog whose muscles are in hard condition, even if he looks a little lean, and I will show you a healthy dog.

Regard milk, bread, milk puddings, cakes, etc., as so much poison, and stick to the dry biscuit and the raw meat. Don't try to coddle him, particularly as a puppy, but shun damp. Cold is good for him, provided he is not in a draught, and fresh water is essential.

Mr. J. R. Barlow's fox-terrier, Crackley Surething, with the cup he won as the best dog in the recent Kennel Club Show at the Crystal Palace; he won every prize he possibly could in the Show

BY APPOINTMENT

Yes, that was a very good round !

BOOTH'S
FINEST
OLD
DRY GIN
LONDON

say BOOTH'S AND ENJOY ANOTHER!

BG 59

Willing

Cars with a Personality

The New 3½-Litre Bentley: By The Earl of Cardigan

AMONG the "events" of the Motor Show season, the introduction of a brand-new Bentley must necessarily take a very high place. If one did not know differently, one might suspect a desire for the dramatic in the very long interval allowed to elapse between the last of the old Bentley cars and the first of this new series—coupled with the complete secrecy maintained through two years of experiment up to the very last appointed moment.

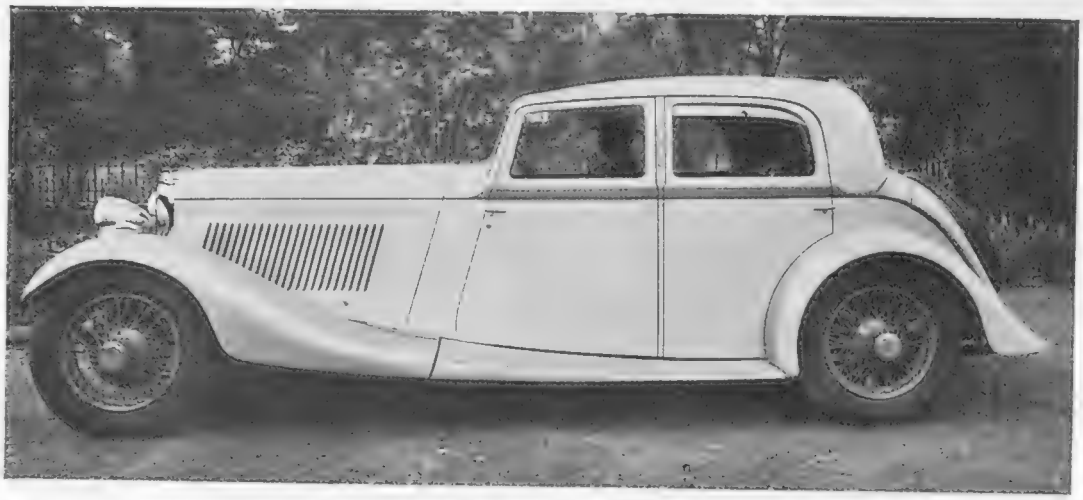
The result, it may be said at once, is a car very well worth waiting for. Of medium power (25.3 h.p.), the new Bentley is an amazing combination of such diverse qualities as speed and flexibility, flashing acceleration, and perfect silencing. Its maximum speed is close on 100 m.p.h., with nearly 80 m.p.h. available in third gear. I myself was content to touch 85 m.p.h.—at which speed there was no sense of effort, but a comfortable reserve of power.

The engine, outwardly, is perfectly straightforward in design. An exhaust cut-out is fitted, but, when this is closed, the degree of silence is such that a noisy speedometer drive is very clearly audible. The result is that, unless one is on the qui vive, the rate of acceleration when the throttle is opened is thoroughly deceptive. Speed is gained so silently that it is difficult to realise the real sports-model quality of the performance.

ON the open road, perhaps the best of the new Bentley's qualities is its capacity for "sitting down," almost as if it were running on a pair of rails. On the day of my test run, there was a very strong cross wind blowing—yet I was able to drive at 70 and 80 m.p.h. without anxiety. Even under these adverse circumstances, the car did not seem to have got fully into its stride until 60 m.p.h. had been exceeded. I was left in no doubt as to its ability to maintain with ease average speeds of an exceedingly high order.

Of top-gear flexibility there is no lack—yet it is natural that the excellent third gear should be employed when an occasion for maximum acceleration presents itself. The new Bentley has a gearbox which is both efficient and exceptionally simple. Third and top gears are of the synchro-mesh variety, while second gear is a constant-mesh ratio, hardly less easy to engage. Thus three gears out of the four are both silent-running and practically trouble-free.

It need hardly be said that brakes, steering, and springing are above reproach. The coachwork, perhaps, deserves special praise. All models are exceedingly good-looking, with striking but invariably pleasing "lines." As regards comfort and practical accommodation, it is probable that no "sporting" chassis has ever before been so well served by the coachbuilder. In short, if the new Bentley has a failing, my brief test run proved altogether insufficient to reveal it!



Above: if ever a fast touring car "looked the part," the new 3½-litre Bentley most surely does so. Its admirable "lines" are strongly suggestive of speed, stability, and power

The head-on view (left) is distinctly impressive. In spite of the car's low build, there is no lack of head-room. The doors are of comfortable width, and four people will find amply luxurious accommodation within

Above: an excellent feature is the large luggage-locker, capable of holding several good-sized suit-cases. The tool-kit is neatly and accessibly located. A separate small hinged panel gives access to the petrol filler

Left: the driving position is extremely comfortable, and the controls and instruments are well laid out. On the right-hand side of the steering column are the two large dials, visibly displayed, of the speedometer and "rev.-counter"

The New Vauxhall Programme

By The Earl of Cardigan

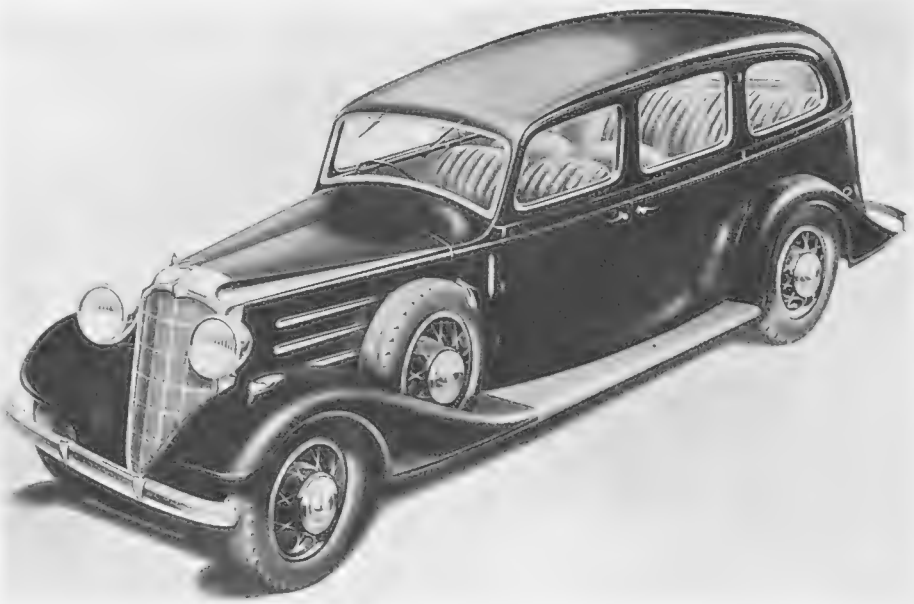
In A Riverside Setting

One of the new Vauxhall "Light Sixes" on the banks of Father Thames

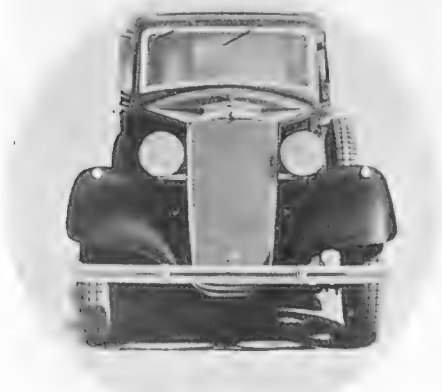
At first sight, it may seem an impossible task for anyone to attempt, within the compass of one brief article, to describe an entire range of cars, of all sizes varying from 12-h.p. to 27-h.p., such as is represented by the Vauxhall programme for 1934. So, indeed, it would be, but for the fact that, among all these new Vauxhalls, there are certain definite "family characteristics" to be found, irrespective of size, power or price.

Of these special characteristics, the first which will probably strike the driver of any new Vauxhall model is the combined liveliness and smoothness of the 1934 type of engine. (I speak from experience, for this was the predominant feature even of the small 12-h.p. model which I tested most recently.) As to the liveliness, this may be largely ascribed to a good power-weight ratio—that is to say, to the relative lightness of the whole chassis as compared with the power obtained from the engine. To increase power while cutting down weight—this is the sure recipe for a "lively" performance, and the one which the Vauxhall Company has followed.

With regard to the smoothness of the new engines, we must look to various causes. In the first place, Vauxhall engineers have wisely resisted the temptation to indulge in unlimited "revs." For example, the top gear ratio of both 12-h.p. and 14-h.p. cars is the reasonable one of about $4\frac{3}{4}$ to 1. This means that a speed of 60 m.p.h. (which is not the maximum, but probably represents the highest speed likely to be maintained by any average driver), is achieved with the engine turning at no more than 3700 r.p.m. Nowadays, this is not an exceptionally high rate of revolutions, and the result is that the engine does not "go screaming round" in the unpleasant manner which, in so many cases, gives rise to vibration and a sense of "fuss" and strain. Actually, one can now drive a Vauxhall very near to its absolute maximum speed without affecting its smooth running.



The new Vauxhall "Big-Six" seven-passenger Limousine. An extra roomy model with Grosvenor coachwork, price £550



From the earliest days of motoring Vauxhalls have always been distinguished by their graceful fluted bonnets. On this new "Light Six" the famous bonnet-flutes are seen in their modern garb

Credit must also be given, of course, to the flexible engine mounting, and to the crankshaft vibration damper which is fitted to all models. These features are intended to obliterate any possible vibration to which an engine might give rise, and, certainly, the net result is to render such vibration practically an unknown quantity.

Another "family characteristic" of all the new Vauxhalls is that gear-changing difficulties are practically eliminated, and are definitely non-existent so far as third and top gears are concerned.

It ought not to be forgotten that it was the Vauxhall Company (in this country, at any rate) which introduced the synchro-mesh gear-box which has since achieved such wide popularity.

The synchro-mesh system enjoys one special advantage, in that it operates in an absolutely normal manner, giving the driver no new intricacies to master. Possibly, for this reason, it is now being very generally adopted.

It should be mentioned, also that, whereas there are various kinds of synchro-mesh gear-box, it is the type generally claimed to be the best which is fitted to all of the Vauxhall models. It has been established that, with certain synchro-mesh "boxes," a driver of the clumsy school can, by a jerky movement of the gear lever, still produce a disagreeable noise. With the Vauxhall type of synchro-mesh, however, this possibility is provided for by an automatic checking device, and even the most abrupt gear-change does not affect the silence and ease with which the gears engage. This is a highly creditable feature, for the smaller Vauxhalls are sold at very modest prices, and the fully efficient synchro-mesh mechanism costs, as one might expect, rather more to manufacture.

Finally, there is a new coachwork feature which Vauxhall is pioneering in this country. This is known as the No-draught system of ventilation. Unlike many so-called coachwork "improvements," this is something genuinely new, and, as I can bear witness, of real efficiency. I have actually seen cigarette smoke being drawn out from a Vauxhall

(Continued on page 188)

THE GREATEST CONTRIBUTION TO COMFORT SINCE THE INTRODUCTION OF THE CLOSED CAR—

VAUXHALL SPECIAL SYSTEM OF NO-DRAUGHT VENTILATION

ON LIGHT SIX DE LUXE SALOON & COUPE—ON BIG SIX SALOON.

WITHOUT Vauxhall No-Draught Ventilation, annoying draughts may enter the car resulting in discomfort to the passengers.

WITH Vauxhall No-Draught Ventilation, you can enjoy fresh air without rain or draughts entering the car.

WITHOUT Vauxhall No-Draught Ventilation, eliminating smoke may subject the occupants to annoying draughts.

WITH Vauxhall No-Draught Ventilation, each occupant can individually control ventilation and eliminate discomfort.

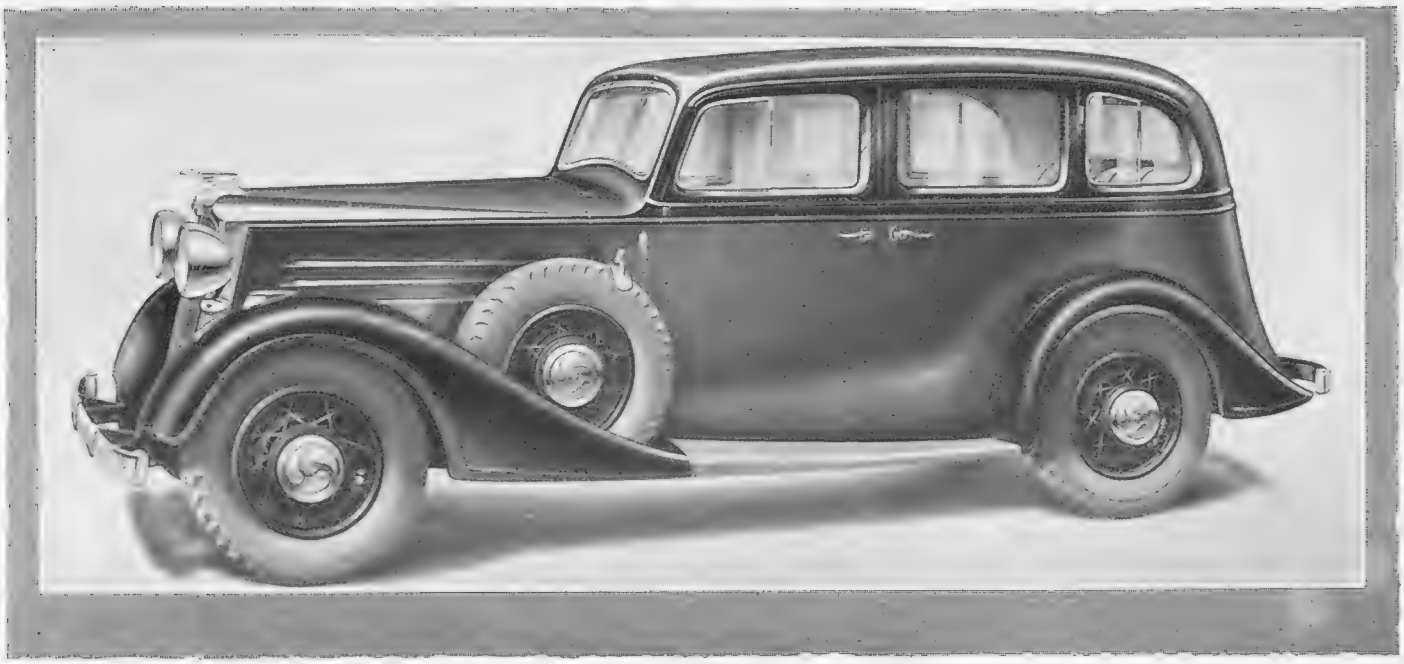
WITHOUT Vauxhall No-Draught Ventilation, rain and cold weather often cause the windscreen and windows to become cloudy.

WITH Vauxhall No-Draught Ventilation, the controls can be adjusted to prevent clouding of windows and windscreen.

ANOTHER NEW VAUXHALL

follows outstanding success of the Light Six

The 20 h.p. Big Six Saloon £325



THE NEW VAUXHALL BIG SIX is a larger, more powerful, more luxurious car than its famous predecessor—the Vauxhall Cadet.

FEATURES OF THE BIG SIX:—20 h.p. six-cylinder engine (£20 tax) . . . 111-inch wheelbase with forward engine mounting giving exceptionally roomy coachwork . . . entirely automatic chassis lubrication . . . pedomatic starter which eliminates the annoyance of engine stalling . . . new exhaust heated induction system . . . down draught carburetter . . . down swept tail with concealed luggage compartment.

SYNCHRO-MESH easy change gear box with four forward speeds and silent third gear. The Vauxhall Super Synchro-Mesh is fitted with an automatic checking device which gives a faultless change *no matter how quickly the gear lever is moved.* Vauxhall were the British pioneers of Synchro-Mesh.

NO-DRAUGHT VENTILATION. The Motoring Press, Doctors and Owners alike say that No-Draught Ventilation, as fitted to the Vauxhall Big Six Saloon, is the greatest contribution to motoring comfort since the introduction of the closed car.

THE SEVEN-SEATER LIMOUSINE MODEL with 27 h.p. engine on the long 130-inch wheelbase chassis. Coachwork by Grosvenor, £550.

OTHER BODY STYLES with coachwork by Grosvenor, Martin Walter and Grose.

Deliveries of the new Big Six will commence early in 1934.

VAUXHALL LIGHT SIX
THE OUTSTANDING LIGHT CAR OF THE YEAR.

Four months old and already a best seller. Two horse powers, 12 h.p. and 14 h.p. Four speed gear box with Vauxhall Super Synchro-Mesh and silent third gear. The special Vauxhall system of No-Draught Ventilation is fitted to the De Luxe Saloon and the new coupe.

12 h.p (£12 *tax*)
STANDARD SALOON - - - £195
12 h.p. (£12 *tax*) or 14 h.p. (£14 *tax*).
DE LUXE SALOON - - - - £215
COUPE (*available early* 1934) - - - £230

OTHER BODY MODELS: 2-seater, Tourer, Sports Tourers, Tickford Foursome Coupé and Suffolk Saloon.

Full particulars from your Local Vauxhall Dealer or write direct to Vauxhall Motors Limited, Edgware Road, The Hyde, London, N.W.9.

The New Vauxhall Programme

(Continued from page 185)

saloon, at the same time that fresh air was discreetly entering.

The No-draught ventilation system consists, briefly, in dividing a normal window space vertically into two sections. The rear section of the divided window is then fitted with an ordinary glass panel, which winds up and down. The forward section, however, is fitted with a separate glass, the frame of which is made to rotate on a vertical, nearly central axis. When this panel is rotated through a slight angle, two effects are set up. Air is permitted to enter in front, although not in the form of a direct draught. Behind, something in the nature of a partial vacuum is set up, with the result that used air is drawn out from the body of the car.

All this, of course, is difficult to describe, and may not even sound very convincing. Quite frankly, I was myself somewhat sceptical until I was able to see, by watching the trail of smoke from a cigarette, an actual demonstration of the latter phenomenon in progress.

So much for general characteristics. Now, as to the individual cars :—

Best known to the motoring public at present are the two smaller models, the 12-h.p. and 14-h.p. Vauxhalls. These cars, both of six-cylinder type, with £12 and £14 tax respectively, were first introduced during the summer, and at once made so favourable an impression that orders began to flow in faster than they could be dealt with. At the present time, I understand that the production rate is seventy of these smaller cars per day, although, even so, the supply has not entirely caught up with the demand. In a period of "depression," such figures are encouraging.

Naturally, after only a few months, it has not been found necessary to make many alterations to the original design in preparation for the Motor Show. As to prices, the De Luxe Saloon (12-h.p. or 14-h.p. chassis) is listed at the extremely modest figure of £215, while the Standard Saloon (12 h.p. only) is outstandingly good value at only £195.

A brand new model, only just announced, is the Vauxhall "Big Six." This is, naturally, a car of very substantial size, having a new style of radiator and generally rather "sporting" lines. It carries ample roomy coachwork, in which leg-room has been secured without separate foot-wells. It is to be sold at prices which must make it distinctly attractive—the standard saloon, for example, costing no more than £325.

This Vauxhall "Light Six" is seen negotiating a formidable hairpin bend in the Scottish Highlands

An old-world Dutch setting for a modern Vauxhall car. Vauxhalls are becoming increasingly popular on the Continent

The "Big Six" engine has a number of very interesting features. A special down-draught carburettor is fitted, similar to that which helped to give such a remarkable performance to the "Light Six." The crankshaft carries a vibration damper, and the flexible mounting of the engine is of a novel and specially efficient type. The whole power unit is held on four points, fore and aft and on either side, and these points are set as wide apart as possible, an arrangement which has been proved to reduce oscillation and vibration to the minimum.

The electrical components of this engine are also well worth studying. The ignition has not only the usual automatic control of advance-and-retard mechanism, operated by means of the conventional governor; it has also a special provision for the prevention of "pinking" when the throttle, at any speed, is opened suddenly and fully. By means of a vacuum system, working off the carburettor, an extra degree of retard is secured on such occasions, with the result that the possibility of incorrect ignition timing has been eliminated altogether.

A new type of self-starter switch is fitted, being ingeniously connected with the accelerator pedal. When the accelerator is depressed, provided the engine is stationary at the time, the starting motor comes immediately into action. Incidentally, a very quick re-start can be achieved in the event of the engine being accidentally stalled.

Another feature of this chassis, which is of more than ordinary interest, is the entirely automatic system of lubrication. This, a development of the "one-shot" system, actually provides lubrication to all points without any action whatsoever on the part of the driver. Whenever the engine runs, lubricant is automatically forced under pressure to the various chassis points. This is bound to be appreciated by owner drivers, as is also the special reversing light, fitted in order to render the car easier to manœuvre after dark.

With very long springs, designed to ensure really good suspension, and special brakes of a type which the Vauxhall Company has developed with conspicuous success, this "Big Six" should have every prospect of gaining lasting popularity. For export purposes the same chassis will also be manufactured with a 27-h.p. engine, and with the relatively high top-gear ratio of about 4 to 1.

Finally, to take really luxurious limousine coachwork, there will be a long-wheel-base chassis, having an extra length of 20 inches. This also will have the 27-h.p. engine, and, with its specially designed Grosvenor body-work, should leave very little to be desired in the matter of comfort and efficiency. Altogether, there can be few motoring needs for which the Vauxhall Company, during 1934, will not be able to cater.

The Ranelagh keeper hoists "The Bystander" flag, which had the breeze to battle with, before the Ladies' Autumn Foursomes began at Ranelagh

"The Bystander" Ladies' Autumn Foursomes—Chapter Two

The Last Two Days at Ranelagh and Roehampton

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

WHAT am I going to tell you about the last two days at Ranelagh and Roehampton? I don't want you to think me fulsome; least of all do I want to turn the four sensible heads who fought out the final at Ranelagh. Nor do I want to lay too much emphasis on the youth of the Misses Barton, who won. Their golf was good enough, in all conscience, to be judged on its own merits, without taking any account of age—or lack of it. Only the point is that, taken in conjunction with their being so young, it really was more than good—it was amazing. Length we expect and take for granted with the rising generation; straightness is more exceptional; good head-work and fine putting still more so. Because Miss Mervyn and Miss Pam Barton had all these, and kept them throughout the week, I must say that they deserve the very highest praise.

So does Miss Isabella Rieben, who had to bear the brunt of the fighting, owing to her mother's lack of length; and so does that mother herself, for not allowing herself to be depressed, or to press, because she could not hit the ball so far as the other three could. That was what made them such a fine pair, each in turn producing something good if the other faltered; and, though the superior length of the Bartons and some crucial putts holed by them eventually turned the scale, it was a going match all the time, and a delight to the gallery.

Mrs. Dudley Charles (Sunningdale) and Mrs. Mundy (Natal) entrants at Ranelagh. The latter is champion of South Africa

Never have I seen anybody, man or woman, young or old, strike the putts so perfectly as Miss Rieben, with perfect rhythm, perfect acceleration through the ball. She learnt that from her mother. Yes, Mrs. Rieben cannot be omitted from those whose heads might be turned by the week at Ranelagh. It might be set whirling by the reflection that she was the mother of such a daughter.

However, for the moment, let me take you back to Thursday morning, my last chronicle to you having ended somewhere long after sundown, with the third round.

IT was the next morning that the back-markers, Mrs. Coats and Mrs. Garon, touched extreme heights, for they gave seven strokes to the Strohmenger sisters—who are now Mrs. Ian Miller and Mrs. Jack Fell-Clark—and beat them 2 and 1. They were five under fours for the match. If you have anything lower than that to talk about, tell it to the Marines, for I shall not listen! Equally incredible was the match lost at the twentieth by Miss Corlett and Mrs. P. Smith, after being round the eighteen in 66. Mrs. Rider and Miss Hughes only had three strokes from them, so it really was a great performance for this latter pair to win. And Mrs. Davies and Miss Lake, the holders, were round in 67—and even that was only just good enough to give five strokes and win one up from Mrs. Rowand-Harker, the Sussex champion, and Mrs. Ayscough. I believe that the Riebens, Mrs. Harrison, and Mrs. Fish, and certainly the Misses Barton

Miss Betty Taylor and Mrs. Lockhart Smith, of Hadley Wood, two of the many competitors in "The Bystander" Autumn Foursomes

Miss Cradock-Hartopp (Cavendish) and Miss Barbara Pyman (Royal Portishead), who played in partnership, take it easy for a while

Miss G. Rudgard (York) seen with Frau Zahn (Wansee, Berlin), one of the several overseas competitors who entered at Ranelagh

Miss E. Black and Miss M. Black, of Hawkstone Park, who competed in "The Bystander" Foursomes at Roehampton. The former holed in 1 at the 7th

Miss M. A. Green (Cromer) and Miss G. C. Phillips (Worthing), two of the Roehampton competitors, who survived to win a match at the 19th hole

The Marchioness of Headfort and Miss Barnes Gorell (Berkshire), semi-finalists, and their defeated opponents at Roehampton, Mrs. Anthony and Miss Woodhouse, of Wimbledon Park, who only lost after a very hard fight

who beat Miss de Gunzbourg and Miss Grace Amory 2 and 1, needed very few more; and that Mrs. Payne and Mrs. Kent, Mrs. Torrance, and Mrs. Nicholls, all played some pretty good golf too, to survive.

By the afternoon, the back-markers, perhaps, were beginning to feel they had reached zenith and could not stay there; three strokes to give the Riebens, who were out in 34, was just more than they could bear, and the family pair won 3 and 2.

The holders made no headway against Mrs. Fish and Mrs. Harrison; nor Mrs. Torrance and Mrs. Nicholls against Mrs. Payne and Mrs. Kent. Nor was there any denying the Bartons, for they were two under fours when they had beaten Mrs. Rider and Miss Hughes 4 and 2.

THAT evening was the delightful dinner given by and at the Forum Club in honour of the Foursomes. Mrs. Claude Wilson—defeated though she had been in the second round at Ranelagh—was quite unbeatable in the chair; Miss Enid Wilson, too, spoke very charmingly, wishing the Forum golf section luck, and telling us a bit about America. She made rather a gloomy forecast of the next International Match we have with them; I noted it down on the back of the delicious menu, and am carefully preserving it in the hope that her words will be proven gloriously wrong. Mrs. Dunlop Hill kept us laughing; Mrs. Lewis Smith nobly came up to the scratch, entirely unprepared; Mr. Hooper set us laughing again. Altogether, a splendid evening, for which the competitors and other guests who were there felt very much indebted to the Forum.

THEN, the next morning, back to business. First of all, a crushing win for the Riebens, playing extremely well against Mrs. Fish and Mrs. Harrison, who—truth compels the admission—played very ill, the putts especially being greater in quantity than quality. Six and five was the just reward of virtue. The Misses Barton had to overcome a great many threes from Mrs. Payne and Mrs. Kent, and showed grand nerve to do it by 3 and 2. Both those semi-finals were played on level terms.

In the final, the Riebens had to give one stroke to the Bartons—an invaluable stroke, for it won them the 10th, Miss Rieben's run-up for a 3 just staying out. That squared the match, and after that the Bartons never looked back, and never lost a hole, winning 2 and 1. The winners and losers alike had taken those seventeen holes in sixty-five—good enough going for any final. Lady Carisbrooke presented the cups and prizes so graciously afterwards, and made such a very charming little speech.

Between whiles, I darted across to Roehampton to see how things were faring there. On the Thursday morning I arrived just in time to see Mrs. Bradshaw, the Yorkshire player, and Mrs. Hudson going out at the 20th to Mrs. Spencer and Miss Ling, and Lady Headfort and Miss Barnes

The Finalists of "The Bystander's" Autumn Foursomes at Roehampton

Mrs. Van Dyk, runner-up, Miss W. F. Snook and Mrs. Forman, winners, and Mrs. MacMillan, runner-up in "The Bystander" Autumn Foursomes at Roehampton. It was a level match, which went to the last hole before the winners got home by two up

Mrs. Claude Wilson, who took the chair at the Forum Club Dinner

Some of Miss Dorothy Pearson on Wilson, Open Champion,

Further "Bystander" Ladies' Autumn Foursomes Competitors at Roehampton: Miss Betty Cooke (Hindhead), Mrs. Wordsworth (Ganton), Miss C. Mordaunt and Miss J. Mordaunt (Royal Mid-Surrey). The former pair won by 4 and 3

Miss J. E. Oswald and Mrs. R. H. Allen, of Rochester and Cobham Park, who were third-day victims at Roehampton and were beaten by the winners

Mrs. Spencer and Miss Ling, of Sidcup, beaten by the runners-up, Mrs. Van Dyk and Mrs. MacMillan, who lost the final by 2 up

Gorell winning on the last green after a terrifying experience with Mrs. Anthony and Miss Woodhouse, who had pulled them back from six up and seven to go, until only the extraordinarily brave—and, dare I say, lucky?—shot from Miss Barnes Gorell at the 18th got the side safely home. Miss Doreen Snook and Mrs. Forman were beginning to be spoken of as likely winners; when they survived a nasty patch of putting in the afternoon, and put out Mrs. Allen and Miss Joan Oswald, prophets began to be sure they had found the winners.

All the same, they could only win 1 up from Lady Headfort and Miss Barnes Gorell in the semi-final the next morning, playing level, and could not have done that if Lady Headfort's putts had not taken such a sudden dislike to the hole. The other semi-final was even longer, for Mrs. MacMillan and Mrs. Van Dyk, receiving one stroke, only won at the 19th from the Misses Mordaunt, who were early down a lot, and then got it all back by real pluck. In the final, Miss Snook and Mrs. Forman had two strokes to give, and could make no headway till after the turn. Then Miss Snook's beautiful chip, which won the 10th, gave them the right fillip, and they won by 2 up. Mrs. Miller gave away the prizes; just the perfect ending to a week which people do seem thoroughly to have enjoyed. And so to Worplesdon.

Now, the Mixed Foursomes at Worplesdon have an atmosphere all their own which is only preserved by due survival of the fittest. And the fittest, in the opinion of all Worplesdon, and all the gallery, are the Wethereds, sister, brother, or both. Therefore, to beat either of them is to commit an act of sacrilege, to spoil the enjoyment of all the onlookers, to make yourself, in short, temporarily unpopular, except with your own partner. Therefore, all Wethered opponents need very particular praise when they succeed, and hats must be specially taken off this time to Miss Enid Wilson and Mr. G. N. Martin, who really played superb golf between them to beat Mr. Roger Wethered and Mme. Lacoste in the fifth round. Having so greatly dared, the couple went out in the semi-final to Mrs. Garon and Mr. Andrew McNair, who found the ordeal of facing up to Miss Joyce Wethered and Mr. Bernard Darwin too much for them in the thirty-six-hole final.

Now, the partner of Miss Wethered, whoever he may be, has an ordeal of his own, not much less, in some ways, than that of her opponents. Wethered worship being what it is, only the absence of a burn at Worplesdon prevents caddies and other admirers from ducking therein any partner who lets their heroine down. On the other hand, any really valuable contribution from the partner earns double kudos. If the gallery groaned almost audibly when Mr. Bernard Darwin made an error—and it has to be owned he did make a few—it cheered quite audibly when he produced a masterpiece, such as his putt with a mashie round a half-stymie at the 13th, when the position was critical in the extreme against Mrs. Fleming and Mr. Russell; or his firm iron into the gathering darkness of the 20th, to win that match there. If Mr. Darwin had not made a few slips we should not have seen what inimitable recoveries Miss Wethered could achieve, nor would the equally inimitable articles in the *Times* have had all their best bits. We have much to be thankful for; not least, a course and weather in perfect condition, and the survival into the final of the one and only Miss Wethered. Mrs. Collis Browne and Mr. H. E. Taylor could not beat them in the semi-final, but he, at least, showed how it was that he could get round St. Andrews and win the medal there, from medal tees, in 73, although he is aged sixty-three. A grand golfer, if ever there was one. Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

Those Present at the Forum Club's Dinner to "The Bystander" Autumn Foursomes Players

the left, and Miss Enid who made a good speech

Mrs. Watts, who is the Secretary of the Forum Club Golfing Section

Two more guests at the Forum Club Dinner: Miss Lake and Miss Janet Jackson

Mrs. Pearson, on the left, and Mrs. Herbert Guedalla, right

Sport with the Lid Off

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"

Anxious eyes watch the announcer of the Irish Sweep in Dublin. The gentleman who gives the names of the fortunate winners is Mr. J. O'Sheehan, the director of the draw. On the right is Mr. R. J. Duggan, Director of Irish Hospitals Trust, Ltd., the man who may be said to have set the big drum in motion. He is, to all intents and purposes, the inventor of the Irish Sweep

I HAVE news of Larwood. Don't go away, please—this is new news, nothing to do with the operation on his foot, which may enable him to bowl again, though I can't believe he will ever be able to stand the strain of that fearful crash down with the left leg which his top-speed stuff entails.

No, this is the true explanation of the body-line rumpus—or so it seems to me. Nothing political—just a surprising theory about Larwood's bowling. It comes from Ironmonger and Tom Wass, the Notts gentlemen who have watched over his bowling ever since he came from a mining village to play for the Notts Club and Ground team some years ago. A promising batsman he was then, but just an ordinary slinger, without style, rhythm, or sufficient height, they said, to make anything of a bowler.

Well, we all know how Larwood, with his exceptionally long arms, has overcome the disadvantage of lack of inches: what very few people indeed seem to know is the remarkable development in his bowling which suddenly took place between the last visit of the Australians to England and the recent M.C.C. Australian tour.

It 's like this—you may have noticed that when Bradman was making his phenomenal scores in this country, he was able to step right in front of his wicket when Larwood bowled, and allow the ball to swing past his legs—either away from the bat, or across to the on side. Perhaps he would tickle one now and again round the corner, but the point is that Larwood's swerve was a plain swerve, with no work on the ball when it hit the ground. Then, before the M.C.C. tour, Larwood made a discovery: instead of bowling straight-forward swingers, he found that the ball which swung in to the leg stump would straighten out and hit the leg-stump, and the out-swinger, instead of going away towards the slips, would bend back on pitching just

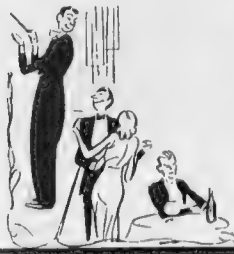
(*Continued on page* ii)

Worplesdon Winners

The finalists in the Mixed Foursomes at Worplesdon: A. McNair and Mrs. Percy Garon (left), who met Miss Joyce Wethered and Bernard Darwin (on the right). The latter couple won the thirty-six-hole match by 8 and 7

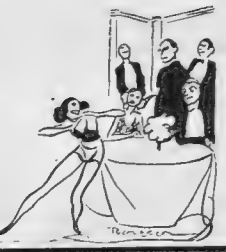
An Overseas Boxer

Ben Foord, on the left, the South African heavy-weight boxer, in training for his fight with Tommy Tucker, which took place at the Crystal Palace, sparring with Eddie Maguire



LONDON NIGHTS

Dinner, Dance and Cabaret



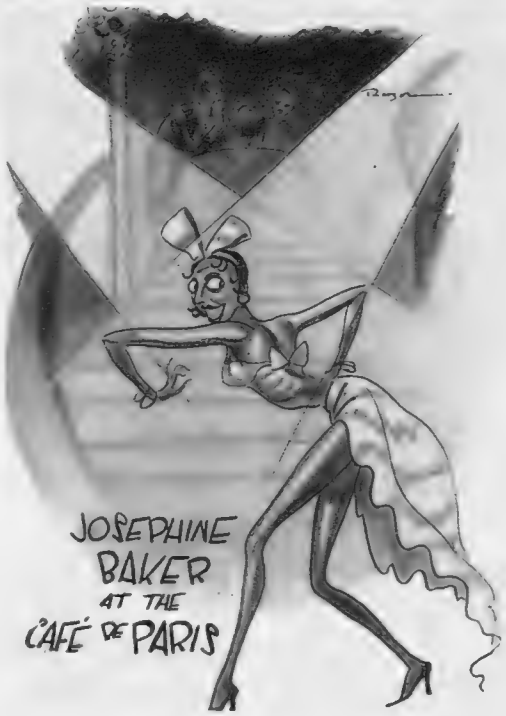
Compiled for "Bystander" Readers by Charles Graves

NOTHING is impossible in the entertainment world, and yet it would have seemed ridiculous only three years ago to prophesy that London would oust Paris, Berlin, and New York as the centre of the world's gaiety. Hitler's craze for super-Puritanism, the Frenchman's tenacity of the Gold Standard, and the slump in Wall Street have combined to achieve a situation where foreigners with money to burn say unanimously, "Let 's go to London." In Paris, now, you must choose your night with excessive care, to make sure that there will be at least a modicum of other guests at the restaurant you choose. In London there is an embarrassment of choice. Indeed, the really sophisticated members of the supper crowds are beginning deliberately to avoid the cramped warmth of extension nights. That is a snobbism in which common sense plays a very high part. The Englishman's determination to wear a white tie, even when he had gone off the Gold Standard, and the astute showmanship of the clever—mostly Italian—restaurant managers in the West End have also had their effect. At this time of year, when there are no débutantes for whom private dances and parties need to be given, the restaurants are more amusing than ever.

The Dorchester

To take an instance, look at the Dorchester, where "Les Girls" are drawing the town. Platinum blonde, Titian, or brunette, dancing girls or beauty girls—they have provocative personalities which challenge the most faithful husbands.

Their changing scene is enough to make anybody's eyes pop out. Curiously enough, the women guests seem to enjoy the show just as much as the men. No doubt they are busy getting hints to use themselves on future occasions. It is a nice point to decide which is the prettiest of them. Some think that Sandra Rambeau is the most beautiful; others are captivated by Billie Burns, who is only sixteen; others admire Miss Hamilton. Any night



of the week you can see belted earls and romantic baronets sitting at the tables on the edge of the floor. "Les Girls" are the premier attraction of Mayfair at the moment.

Café Divan

BY contrast, there is the Café Divan, in Clarges Street. The Maître d'Hôtel, Binacchi, is a real stickler for culinary etiquette. He uses all the old-fashioned classical names for the dishes, such as Grenobloise and Algérienne. The restaurant is coloured a very sedate dark biscuit hue. This is where the Upper Four Hundred often lunch and dine incognito. Next time you are there, have a look at the moselles and hocks. Binacchi, by the way, was eighteen years with the original Ciro. There is no music in this restaurant.

The Piccadilly Hotel

AT the Piccadilly Hotel they have a theory that a gala night should not be merely an extension night, where the sole attraction is the extra time allowed by law for drinking. Every Friday night they are importing seven or eight turns from the London music-halls, so as to produce real variety. If you want a tip about what to order, try Crème Germiny Suprême de Volaille sous Cloche. The Piccadilly is a jolly place, with excellent food, that 's what it is.

The Café de Paris

JOSEPHINE Baker is undoubtedly a great artist, and it is still possible to see her at the Café de Paris to-night. On Thursday Douglas Byng takes her place. The Café de Paris, as some people know, is an exact

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replica of the Palm Court of the Lusitania. A few years ago, a man whose wife had been drowned in the disaster fainted dead away when he came in. Poulson, the head man, is that rarity—a restaurant-manager of Danish, instead of Italian, origin. He has had the place entirely re-decorated. Those big bunches of electric banana-like candelabra have gone, Royalty frequently patronises him, and you can always tell your social importance by the side of the room to which the Maître d'Hôtel leads you on arrival. Incidentally, more champagne is drunk at the Café de Paris than at any other restaurant of the same size. The new orchestra, led by Gerhardi, is quite excellent.

Café Anglais

JUST across the way is Poulson's other place, the Café Anglais. This is now decorated in delicate shades of silver and salmon pink. The cabaret is provided by the acrobatic dancers from Josephine Baker's show. Dave Frost has an excellent orchestra of twelve, and the Café Anglais continues to be the most Bohemian restaurant in London, a sort of Montmartre in Leicester Square.

BINACO AT WORK AT THE NEW CLARGES HOTEL & CAFÉ DIVAN.

Café de la Paix

THERE has been a grand habit in the last two or three years to give restaurants French names. We now have a Café de la Paix at the corner of Swallow Street and Regent Street. It is run by Bruni, whom you may recall from either the Savoy, the Carlton, the Ritz, or the Berkeley. Although it has only been open a few days, it is becoming a haunt of the foreign aristocracy. The leader of the orchestra was with Paul Whiteman for six years. This week they are going to have a cabaret provided by the Andrea Trio, who are sensational dancers. The restaurant is very gay with pink chairs and saffron walls. The chef has been brought from the Grand Hotel at Rome. Next time you are there, try the Filets de Sole

GIOVANNI BRUNI CAFE DE LA PAIX

Maison—rather rich, but very good; Bruni's special cocktail, the secret ingredients of which rejuvenate you in no time; and, if you are really hungry, have a go at the Charcoal Grill.

The Monseigneur

THE Monseigneur is London's most sophisticated restaurant. It reminds one rather of the old Casanova, at Cannes. Platinum blondes and the peerage mingle happily on the dance floor, to the tunes of Lew Stone's band. This orchestra has always specialised in its crooners. You never know what cabaret act you are going to have next; it may even be the inimitable Beatrice Lillie again. This used to be, of course, one of the haunts of Douglas Byng, and although it is below the level of Piccadilly, it never seems to get stuffy.

Quaglino's

ONE needs no introduction to Quaglino's. It is always crowded and you will always find interesting profiles there. It may be Sir Oswald Mosley or Mr. Winston Churchill, or any of the leading beauties. Nor must you forget the old brandy. Downstairs, in the Grill, on Saturday night you see more attractive-looking girls than anywhere else throughout the week.

What's on in Cabaret

ONE of the greatest difficulties with which restaurants have to contend is the scarcity of first-class cabaret acts. According to the managers, there are not more than fifteen turns which draw the crowd. At the top one must, of course, put Douglas Byng, Beatrice Lillie, the Western Brothers, Chick Endor and Charlie Farrell, among the entertainers—and Dave Fitzgibbon, with his sister Dorothy, among the dancers. In New York Adagio dancing, as sensational dancing is called, has been dying out fast in the past few months. The customers are getting tired of "lifts" and prefer smooth dancing like that of the Fitzgibbonses. Among the entertainers Douglas Byng and the Western Brothers are in the lucky position of always writing their own lyrics. Nobody has yet persuaded Miss Gertrude Lawrence to do cabaret. Probably she wants too high a fee. Hermione Baddeley has been doing it successfully at her husband's club. Barbara Newberry has captured several hearts at the Dorchester, and I suspect that she will probably stay on over here. I hear good reports of the Russian quartette with the unpronounceable name who are at Quaglino's. Probably the Piccadilly is right in securing different Variety acts each week. Surprisingly few members of the supper crowd ever go to music-halls, so the turns will be novel. Monseigneur is relying this week on "The Three Keys"—a coloured trio with quite a following. My own favourite cabaret artist (after Beatrice Lillie) is Frances Day who, I hear, is going to be taken off to the U.S. by Howard Hughes. He intends to turn her into another Jean Harlow, whom he "made" in *Hell's Angels*.

EXTENSION NIGHTS

Cafe Anglais	Friday.	Monseigneur	Thursday.
Cafe de Paris	Wednesday.	Piccadilly	Friday.
Cafe de la Paix	Tuesday.	Chez Quaglino's	Wednesday.

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Quaglino—
Sketched by Rouson

QUAGLINO looks like an amiable golliwog and has a greater personality than anyone else in the restaurant world. He was born in Piedmont, whisked off to the Knickerbocker Hotel in New York at the age of fourteen, where he was employed as a bell-hop and knew only two words of English, which were "House full." His main duty was to wield a miniature brush underneath the tables of illustrious clients when they left.

By the time he was sixteen he was at Frankfurt as a fully-fledged waiter, and then, after a year at Wiesbaden, he became a head-waiter at Caux at the age of nineteen. We next find him at Madrid, and then, shortly afterwards, at the Palace Hotel at Biarritz, offering King Edward mussels and bouillabaisse, his favourite dish.

Within five weeks of war breaking out, "Quag" was at the front, at Goritza, not even knowing how to fire a rifle. The war over, he came to the Berkeley as a head-waiter, and then, after some time at the Savoy Grill, a short time at the Café de Paris, and a year or so at Sovrani's, he turned the uninviting courtyard of the St. James's Palace Hotel into one of the smartest restaurants in the world. To-day he has fifty chefs and kitchen hands, and the recollection that the Prince of Wales once said that his place is the home of real gourmets.

Dance Bands of the Day

Lew Stone at the Monseigneur

Lew Stone used to arrange Ambrose's music. Then he united with Roy Fox and formed the Monseigneur Band. Now he plays the piano and conducts his eleven music-makers and makes people dance delightedly

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BOTH FORTY

—YET HE LOOKS TEN YEARS YOUNGER

ou know that couple, don't you? His figure's as trim as a boy's. She . . . well, she's not so thin. His face is almost lineless. She akes a not very successful attempt to conceal the crow's feet about er eyes. He plays a hard game of tennis. She used to be a good player, too. But she gets so puffed running about the court now, hat she prefers the not-so-strenuous sets.

fact, it 's a clear case of a Mr. Can married to a Mrs. Can't. low often it does happen.

You see, Mr. Can, like most of the finest specimens of manhood, takes an enormous pride in his fitness. And he guards it as his ther did before him in the simplest, safest and best way he knows—by taking Eno's " Fruit Salt " every morning.

h, Mrs. Can't, what a pity you don't realise that this is a far ore effective way to keep youth than all the massage and out- ard beauty culture you go in for !

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It 's never too late to begin, Mrs. Can't. Eno can always do a great deal for you. It contains no sugar, no harsh aperients to interfere with the delicate mechanism of Nature. Take it every morning. Become Mrs. Can and be a match for your husband. Eno's " Fruit Salt " is sold by all chemists at 1/6 for the handy size, and 2/6 for the double quantity household bottle.

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L.A.

Sport with the Lid Off *(Continued from page 192)*

enough to take the off-stump. It doesn't sound very important, but anyone who has played first-class cricket will understand what it means. When Bradman covered up, he found that the in-swinger, instead of swerving across the legs, would straighten on pitching and come bang up to him, so that it had to be played, with the circle of fielders waiting for a catch.

Here was a very different bowler from the Larwood he and the other Australian batsmen had faced in England, a Larwood who could turn the ball faster than any bowler in the world.

Now this is the interesting part. What was it that caused the ball to straighten so diabolically? Certainly, bowling at such tremendous speed, Larwood was entirely unable to make it break deliberately, and the theory among the knowledgeable ones at Notts is that the ball actually skids off the seam on hitting the ground. If you will take a cricket-ball, and hold it as you would to produce the in-swinger and the out-swinger, you will note the angle of the seam, and I think you will agree that the theory is at least reasonable. And if this is true, it is the skid off the seam which was responsible for the whole body-line shemozzle.

Imagine for a moment that you are batting against Larwood, and that, in his opening overs, the ball is swinging uncomfortably. That is difficult, I daresay, but you do take it that the one which comes in to your leg-stump will curve safely away, if you cover up and leave it. And then, all of a sudden, you find that in-swinger pitching on your leg-stump, and fizzing off the ground straight at you. Wouldn't that shake you? Wouldn't it be "again nature," a truly fearful manifestation of the bowler's art? It would explain, I think, a certain amount of panic, for no bowler of Larwood's pace could be expected to cut such capers.

FORGIVE this long dissertation, but I find this theory extremely interesting, and I hope it will not have bored you unduly. There are, as a matter of fact, several other items sizzling—the scenes in Belfast when England played Ireland at "Soccer," for example, and this trouble in the boxing world.

The Belfast business was disgraceful. "Boy" Martin, you 'll remember, the young Irish player, hurt himself, and it was entirely his own fault, by charging Hibbs, the English goal-keeper. This sent the excitable crowd mad. They clamoured for Hibbs's blood, and the Irish players lost their heads, and I 'm told by one of the leading authorities on the game that the last twenty minutes of this match were a disgrace to Association football. Deliberate fouls went on all the time, and I wish some official action had been taken as a protest against stupidity of this sort. We cannot afford to lose control of International sport in this way. Oddly enough, on that same Saturday, a railway-porter told me he had made a special journey to Portsmouth to see the local side play the 'Spurs, and that he had been disgusted by the unsporting way in which the Portsmouth men clamoured for fouls on the slightest provocation. And I 've heard since that his complaint was justified; why is it that professional footballers, whose job it is to please the public, will not realise that by conduct of this kind they sicken even their most ardent supporters?

I'M glad the stewards of the Boxing Board of Control intend to take a strong line, and refuse to be dictated to by their opponents. It may be that they will be defeated at the general meeting—feeling among the rank and file runs very high—but unless they show that they mean to control they may as well resign at once and have done with it. And if they are defeated and do resign, the boxing slump—and there is a slump indeed just now—will be more pronounced and permanent than ever. I hear that Ted Broadribb is going ahead with his proposed "National Boxing Club," and maybe he will get some support. But no one supposes—least of all Broadribb himself—that his club could take the place of the B.B.B.C. Boxing is in a bad way, there 's no doubt of it. The Doyle-Petersen fiasco did it more harm than we realised at the time, and the present discontents are scaring the ordinary man-in-the-street very effectively. A great pity, but we 've been heading this way for a long, long time.

Quality versus cheap illusions

FOR CENTURIES Englishmen have held the reputation of being the best-dressed men in the world. Their standard was accepted all over Europe and America, and until the economic depression of the last few years, foreigners of all nations paid seasonal visits to Bond Street and Savile Row to replenish their wardrobes. 33 per cent. of Pope and Bradley's turnover was foreign trade, which included the Royalty of nearly every country.

The standard of the few exclusive tailors in the West End of London is as high to-day as ever before, and the minority of men who patronise them are just as meticulous on every essential point of style. But the average standard of dress of men of the upper middle-class has recently shown a deplorable decline. It is not merely careless, it is spirit-less, slovenly, in execrable taste, and entirely lacking in any semblance of individuality. They have become slave-like, and in this ultra-democratic age can no longer be distinguished from the bricklayer's mate or the charlady's nephew.

Why is this? Why is the sense of personality in clothes disregarded by a great number of educated, cultured and moderately well-to-do men of to-day? It is because the economic stress, which is world-wide, has diverted their minds. They have, temporarily, lost all pride in themselves, and in their laxity have accepted "ready-made" clothes, cut by the automatic knife, and churned out by the factory machine: productions that are entirely characterless and completely repulsive to anyone possessing the faintest artistic sense.

Pope and Bradley's reputation has been made by the simple method of supplying their customers with the best clothes that money can buy. Their minimum price for a worsted Lounge Suit is ten guineas, but every suit is made by hand by the finest West-End "Log" craftsmen. It costs us £4 to sew a suit, but each suit is perfectly built and will last for years, whilst the factory suit will become shapeless and hideous within a few weeks.

Stores, and Hosiers, and Manufacturing Tailors, advertise suits at 50s., £4, £6 and £8. They may be worth that, but they are certainly worth not one penny more.

In this cheap age of screaming illusions, it is quite time that values were understood. The principals of Pope and Bradley are not fools. Their trade is entirely dependent upon the value they give; their net profit on productions, which can be authenticated by their Chartered Accountants, Messrs. Southwell Tyrell and Co., is based on under 10 per cent.

A ten-guinea Pope and Bradley suit is worth that price. It will last for many years and always look well. Eventually it is far cheaper than anything quoted at a lower price. Lounge Suits from 10 Gns. Dinner Suits from 15 Gns. Dress Suits from 16 Gns.

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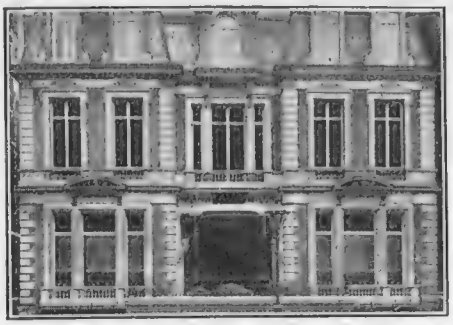

A wonderful new spa is now opened in beautiful surroundings at 4, Palace Gate, with every kind of bath for reducing. Foam Baths, Vichy Baths, Scotch Douche Baths, Electric Baths, Brine Baths, Aeration Baths, Radiant Heat, etc., and all forms of Gymnastics to get the body perfectly supple. These baths are in the most luxurious surroundings, at the same time they are most reasonable. Whatever form of Rheumatism you may have we can extract it with our wonderful waters and massage, and the strangest thing about these wonderful treatments is that we can make you slim with our baths, and yet if you are slim we can keep you the same weight, or we can make you stouter if you wish. We do not give gland treatments for reducing. We know these only upset the heart. We only give Nature's own treatment. no medicines whatsoever. These baths take out all impurities of the body, young or old we can make you into a perfectly fit condition. You have no need to go to a foreign spa, we can do for you more than they can, and you do not have to go thousands of miles for your treatment.

It will be a joy to walk after a few visits here. All the muscles of your body will be tuned up, and all your glands will work in a perfect condition. You will feel a new life bubbling into your veins. We guarantee you perfect health; you will have no more shattered nerves; we repeat, we can make you as slim as you wish and as stout as you wish. We guarantee you to lose 5lbs. with only one bath, that what we extract from you is only the poison in the body, as our bodies are nearly all water. It is easy to extract large quantities of this water and poison from a stout person, and if one is thin we only extract the poison. Our object is to remove all the poisoning from the body and get one in a perfect condition — and the figure to the correct weight. We guarantee to do all we promise in this advertisement. Also on the ground floor of this luxurious mansion is every kind of Beauty Treatment, with the greatest experts to give you advice. The muscles of your face and throat are toned up and made so firm and youthful. This takes away all sagging of the muscles and skin and makes your face young again. Surgeons may cut your skin to lift your face, but what about the muscles that have got so soft and the glands that want reviving? We bring back the firmness and youth of the muscles of the face and the firmness of these muscles after treatment lifts up the sagging of the skin and the whole face is brought back to youth. With our scientific treatment your wrinkles are all removed, and we can teach you to keep your face and neck in this condition.

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"The Bystander" Cruise

The sixteenth of the twenty "Bystander" Cruise photographs, taken on board the Red Star liner, s.s. Lapland, in which the passenger circled, when he discovers himself, gets a lucky guinea, if he writes in, giving his name and address

The Editor's Box

The Closed Fire

Whatever diversity of opinion there is as to whether the open coal fire or the closed coal fire is preferable, the fact remains that if the fire is not to require daily lighting, the ordinary open grate must be replaced by something of modern construction.

Closed anthracite stoves with mica panels in the front have been on the market for nearly a generation, and are constantly being improved. The "Esse" Series, constructed with internal encircling flues which ensure that the heat from the fuel is radiated into the room with practically no waste, are fitted with an automatic ventilating device and an internal tube, so that the gases are constantly being converted into flame instead of escaping unused into the chimney. Other anthracite stoves, without these economising devices, can be opened up so that the fire is visible; in these open-fire stoves with mica doors, it is possible to burn ordinary coal, and thus obtain a brighter and more cheerful fire than is possible with anthracite. However, the stove that is made to open, and in which coal can be used, cannot be constructed with internal encircling flues. It has been proved that, although the open fire stove burns coal at a much cheaper price, the great increase in the fuel consumption when encircling flues are not fitted more than counteracts the apparent saving in cost; in other words, if a room 15 × 11 × 9 ft. is heated with an entirely closed stove, 8 lb. of anthracite costing 3¼d., is consumed in 24 hours, whereas, with the open fire stove, 20 lb. of ordinary coal, at a cost of 4¾d., is required to give the same heat. Thus experiment proves that the closed anthracite stove well maintains its supremacy. Our readers are invited to write for full particulars to Smith and Wellstood, Ltd., 11, Ludgate Circus, E.C.4.

Missions to Seamen

Under the patronage of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, a Ball, which will take place at Claridge's on Thursday, December 7th, is being organised by the London Harbour Lights Guild, in aid of the funds of the Missions to Seamen.

All entries for The Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of* The Bystander *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of* The Bystander, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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Photograph by Gilbert Cousland

and the other eye on the mode

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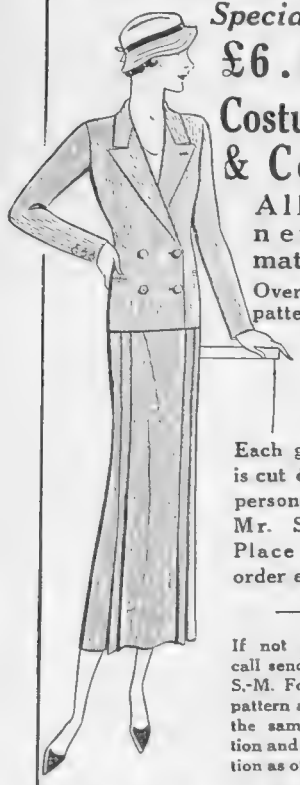

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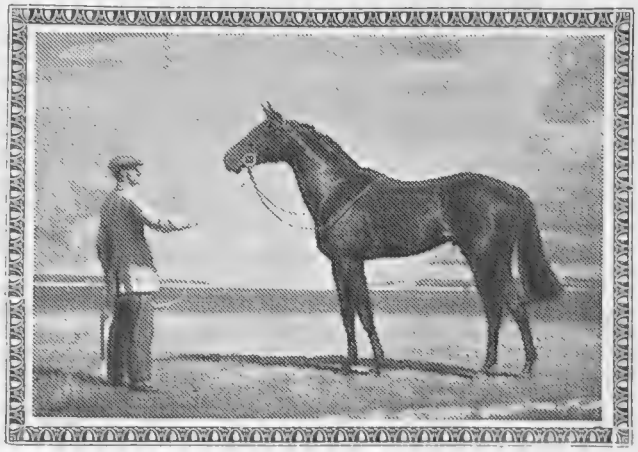

A limited number of specially printed and mounted copies of this painting, by W. Smithson Broadhead, of His Majesty's crack four-year-old, Limelight (reproduced in the issue of September 23), can be obtained from the Publisher (address below), at the price of 5s. each; artist's signed proofs are available at 10s. 6d. each.

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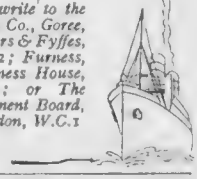

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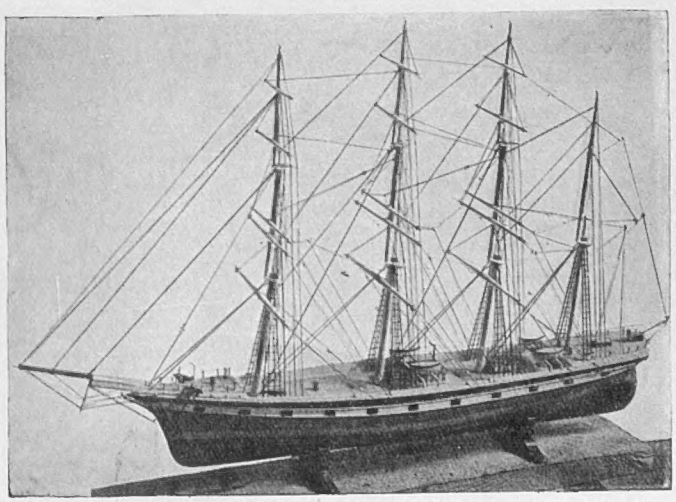

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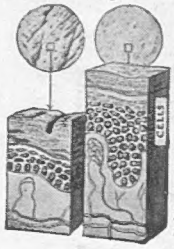

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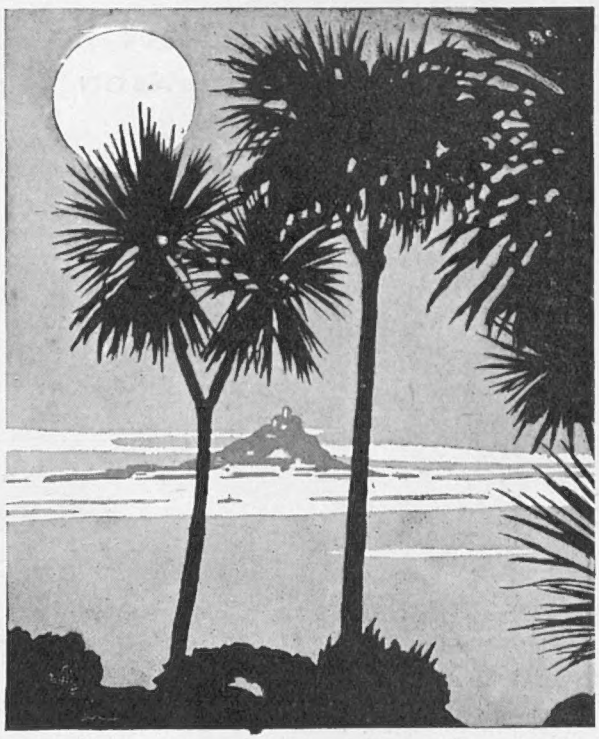

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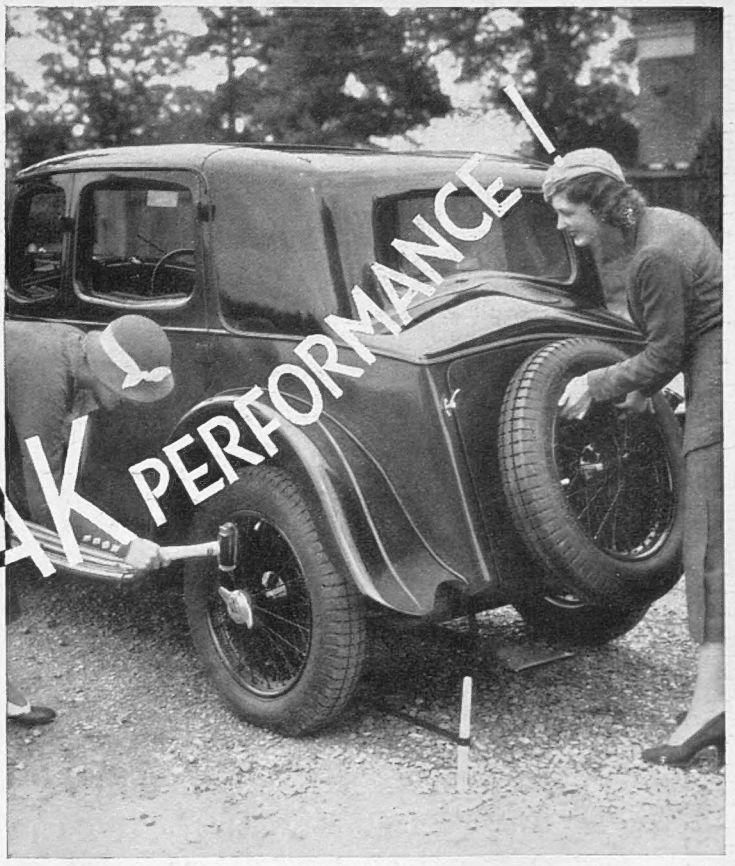

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